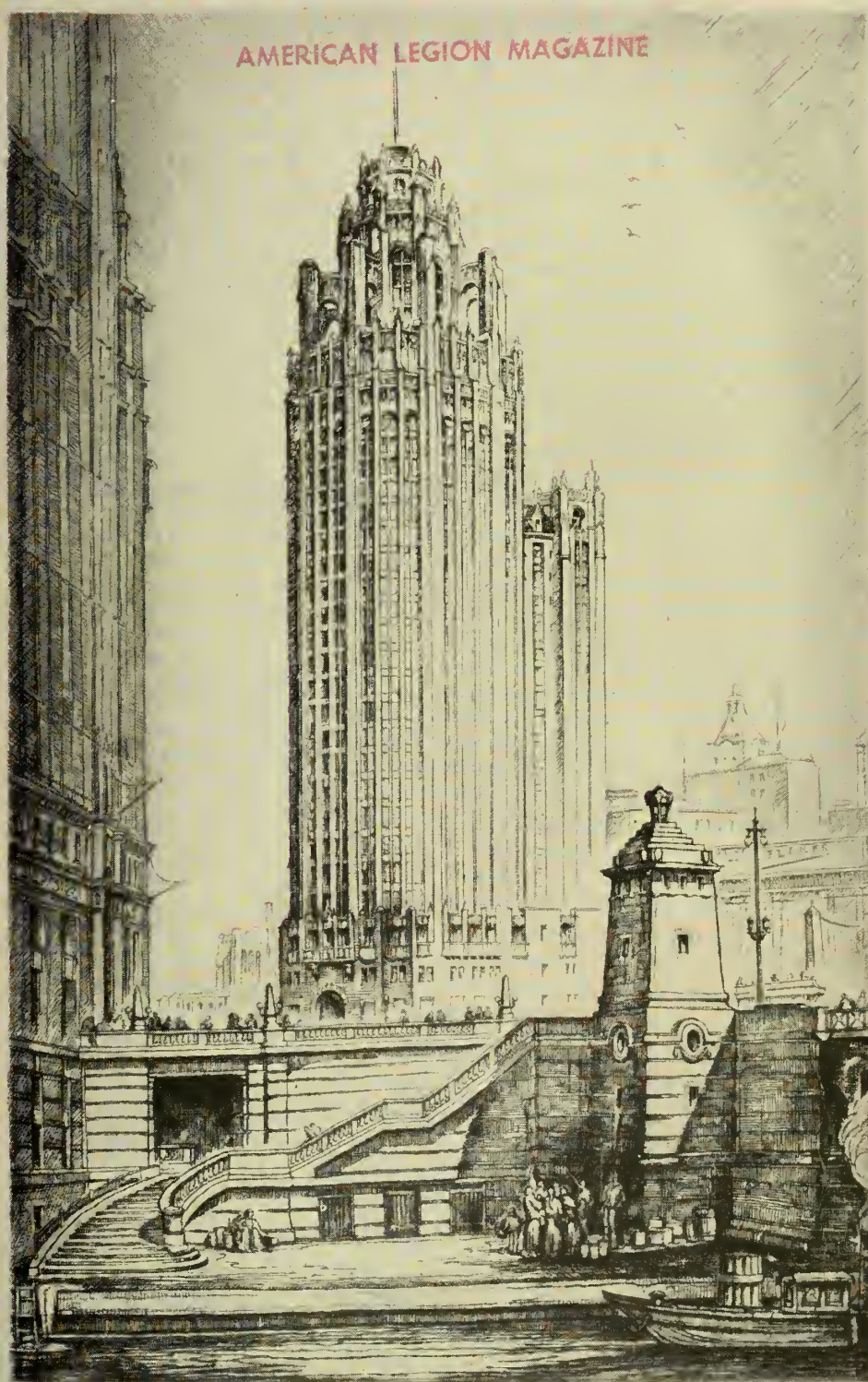


The American **LEGION**

DECEMBER 1933

MONTHLY
PERMANENT FILE

25 CENTS



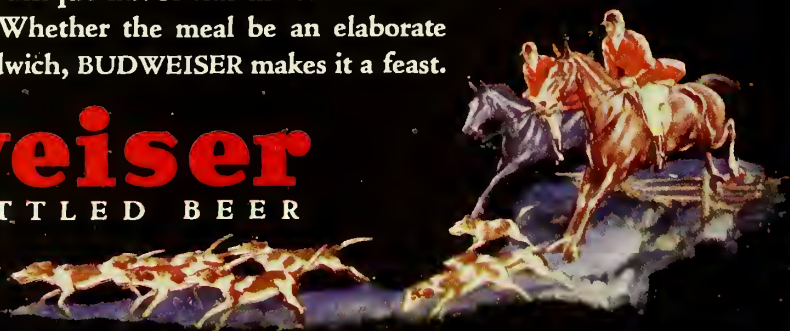
— * CONVENTION NUMBER * —

Good Living



So superbly has BUDWEISER always matched good food that it has been first choice with one generation after another since 1876. In its creamy foam and full-bodied flavor you find an elusive bouquet possessed by no other beer. This unique flavor has made it outsell any other bottled beer on Earth. Whether the meal be an elaborate course dinner or a simple ham sandwich, BUDWEISER makes it a feast.

Budweiser
KING OF BOTTLED BEER



A N H E U S E R - B U S C H ~ ~ S T . L O U I S



Now for the First Time

UNCENSORED and UNRETOUCHED

THE WORLD WAR

in 513 Photographs

Archives of governments and great private collections have been sifted to make one memorable, enduring volume for your home! Edited by Laurence Stallings, famous playwright, novelist, picture expert, participant and student of the World War. Brings back to you, imperishably, the greatest event in your entire lifetime. Examine it FREE!



Famine

FOR three years this gigantic search has been going on—in a dozen countries, through governmental records, journalistic files, private collections. From TEN THOUSAND pictures (many never before in public print), the CREAM of the world's photographic war record has been selected.

These 513 stirring, uncensored and unretouched pictures and reproductions of newspaper headlines and clippings, in chronological order, cover every phase of the war—from before the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand to long after the firing of the last gun on the last day.

Here IS the War

Here IS the war, not just another book about it! Right from its deep-rooted causes to its terrible aftermaths. If ever a book belonged in YOUR library this is the one! Here is what you, as a veteran, saw with your own eyes—in training or at the Front.

And here is what went on at home, while you were away!

Every picture in *The First World War* is a short story in itself, telling what words alone cannot tell; a spectacle you'll return to, again and again. Years from now you will still be going over these pictures yourself, showing them to family and friends.

History Told in a New Way

THINK back! Realize what it means to bind into one unforgettable book the four fateful years when nations tore at each other's

throats! And all in astounding pictures—many of them horrible, it is true; but the War WAS horrible, and this book IS the War!

Here are the Krupp Works speeding up—frantic Calls to Arms—goose-steps over Belgium—first Casualty Lists—Rheims Cathedral—Marne—Hindenburg Line—ruthless submarines—tanks—foreign recruiting posters—munition workers.

And the War Marches On—

Then the Lusitania goes down—1260 dead! Big Bertha shells Paris, 70 miles away! Zeppelins bomb London. Italians advance. Nurse Cavell. Gallipoli.

Now America goes in! "The Yanks are coming!" Draft. Training Camps. "Lafayette, we are here!" Recruiting. Liberty Loan posters. Transports. Camouflage. German Drive, March, 1918. Zero Hours. Argonne. Belleau Woods. Chateau Thierry. 40 Men, 8 Horses. "Cooties." Gas Raids. Russian Revolution. Kaiser flees. Losers cry "Kamerad!" Scratch of the pen in the forest. Ten Million Dead! Army of Occupation. Wilson goes over.

Peace. Aftermath.

A XMAS GIFT for the Years

What finer gift could one veteran give to another—or could a veteran's wife give to her husband—than this imperishable record of what he saw, did, and lived through during his years of service to his country!

SEND NO MONEY—

So confident are we that you will want to treasure this book forever that we will send it for 5-day examination, on this liberal Money-Back Guarantee. Send no money. When book is delivered, pay postman only \$3.50, plus postage. Keep it, read it, examine it for 5 days. Then (if you decide not to keep this 513-reel moving picture of the most tremendous event in your lifetime) return it—and your \$3.50 will be refunded at once! Re-live the War with this book! Let it prove its right to a permanent place in your library. Mail coupon, without money, at once!

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Inc. (Dept. 1612), 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



"Out of Action"



"Babe in the Woods!"

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!"



"The Yanks are Coming!"

TIME Magazine:
"Not history as the historian writes it, but war as every veteran remembers it. Here are the actual sights of battle."

CAPTAIN F. W. HORN
Signal Corps, Historical Section, U.S. Army:
"An excellent collection. Treatment unusually intelligent. Your handling of the grim subjects seems a restrained commentary on the tragedy

and pathos of war, rather than a sensational appeal to the morbid."

CAPTAIN D. W. KNOX
(Ret.), U.S. Navy:
"A most valuable contribution to World War history. Your selection of pictures is excellent; arrangement is most valuable."

ARTHUR BRISBANE
"Nobody will ever write a book that will tell as much about the war as those pic-

tures can tell. Here IS war before you."

CAPT. JOHN CRAIG,
"U. S. Marines:
"A monumental work. Most complete and interesting thing of the kind I have seen. Magnificently printed, marvelously edited, and captions are superb."

WALTER LIPPMANN
"Overwhelming in power. Stallings' editing achieves the effect of a great art."

Pictures shown on this page are merely small reproductions. Actual page size of the book (9 x 12") enables the photographs to be reproduced with realistic clearness and beauty.



SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Inc.
(Dept. 1612), 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Please send me "The First World War," edited by Laurence Stallings, and durably bound in buckram. When the postman delivers it I will deposit with him \$3.50, plus postage. It is distinctly understood that, after 5 days examination, I may return the book if I care to. In that case, my \$3.50 is to be refunded at once.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$3.50 right WITH this coupon, thus saving postage charges. Same Money-back Refund privilege applies, of course.

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

DECEMBER, 1933

VOL. 15, No. 6



The American LEGION MONTHLY



Published Monthly by The Legion Publishing Corporation, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE
307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Editorial and Advertising Correspondence Should be Addressed
to the New York Offices, All Other Mail to Indianapolis

COVER DESIGN: CHICAGO

From an etching by Philip H. Giddens

MAKING THE HOME SECURE

by Thomas J. Malone 3

T.N.T.

by Karl W. Detzer 5

Illustrations by Kenneth F. Camp

GO AHEAD AND FLY

by William B. Smith, M.D. 10

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

by Herbert Ravenel Sass 12

Illustrations by Paul Bransom

BUMPED BY A GENERAL

by Charles W. Burnett 16

EVERYWHERE AND WAY STATIONS

by John T. Winterich 17

GULF STREAM WHOPPERS

by Frederick C. Painton 18

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND—

by Fairfax Downey 20

Cartoons by George Shanks

ON TO GREATER ACCOMPLISHMENTS

by E. A. Hayes, National Commander 23

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

by Philip Von Blon 24

Cartoons by Wallgren

IN STEP WITH THE LEGION

by John J. Noll 32

BUT ONCE A YEAR

36

AGROUND IN THE CHINA SEA

by The Company Clerk 40

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

63



YOUR TOWN IS WATCHING YOUR POST

HOW many members will your post enroll for 1934? What percentage of the eligible service men in your community will it have? These are the questions your fellow townsmen are asking, because the whole country is watching the growth of The American Legion hopefully, confident that it will use wisely for years to come its great strength and undoubted power. Your town expects your post to hold its rightful place in the Legion's historic march into time.

The AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1933, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Entered as second class matter, Sept. 26, 1931, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. General Manager, James F. Barton; Editor, John T. Winterich; Managing Editor, Philip Von Blon; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll; Advertising Manager, B. L. Dombrowski; Business Manager, Richard E. Brann. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents, yearly subscription in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50.

In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new

MAKING *the* HOME SECURE

By Thomas J. Malone



CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

WHEN is the home complete? The lawn is a perfect carpet of greensward, the baby spruces have become sturdy, forest-like clumps, the sapling elms are shading trees, vines climb over wall and trellis, Jane is entering high school and the last payment has been made; but, even so, the home may not be complete. It is not complete until, with understanding and care, the wisest provision has been made for its disposition, for its ownership and control, in case of the death of the head of the family.

Not all home owners, and so home lovers, know precisely the nature and meaning—yes, the portent—of the deed which they hold that governs the title to their homesteads. Perhaps all too few know whether, in case of the prior death of the husband, the homestead under the existing arrangement would go to the wife wholly or only in part, absolutely or only to the extent of a life interest, and with immediate control or only after inconvenient delay.

Just what do you, John Colonial, wish as to the disposition of your home if you should be called first? And you, Elizabeth Colonial, in that case, for now is the time to have your say?

So You Own Your Home, You and Your Wife. But How Does the Title to the Property Read?

Who is to “get” that homestead, that house and lot, that “family dwelling-place, with the inclosure or ground immediately contiguous,” that abode, that castle, that kingdom? Then be sure you have made the proper provision to achieve such end.

I have just been talking with the register of deeds of the most populous county in my State. I asked him to tell me, out of his long

experience, what was the best way, in his opinion, for a husband and wife to have the deed made out which vests the title of their homestead in them. In his observation, what was the practice of the most thoughtful persons who filed homestead deeds for record in his office?

“That is a very important subject,” he commented. “It deserves the most careful consideration of home owners. It is something many of them know too little about. I can say unqualifiedly, and with enthusiasm even, that husband and wife should hold their homestead as joint tenants. The deed of title should be in their two names, and should state expressly that they hold ‘as joint tenants’ and not as ‘tenants in common.’”

“Those are legal phrases and maybe I’d better explain. In a deed of joint tenancy, the title holders, (Continued on page 59)



To Good Health & Good Cheer



LET Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer grace the festive board . . . it's hearty and healthy—sociable and sensible, the best of the better beers. . . . And after you order it once, it will become your standing order—for holidays and other days as well.



PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

© 1933, PREMIER-PABST CORP.

T.N.T.

*Illustrations by
Kenneth F. Camp*

by
Karl W. Detzer

He Could Give It
But
Could He Take It?

TN.T. commanded M Company. His name was Thomas N. Townsend, but that didn't describe him. He was a dour, bald man, deep in his forties, with dark, expressionless eyes. His manner of speaking was short, as if he were hoarding his voice and objected to wasting a word of it.

All that anyone knew about him when he strode into Camp Zachary Taylor from some officers' training school was that his initials were T.N.T. Before the company was three weeks old, his two hundred and fifty men discerned the justice of those initials. They fitted him perfectly. It paid to let him alone. High explosive. T.N.T.

The month was August, 1917; the weather hot, with sticky days, and nights each promising rain and never granting it. A gritty coat of dust had settled upon the camp. Long, straggling lines of recruits, conscripts from southern Indiana and Illinois, trailed wearily over the unfinished roads from Coke station,

limping already in their tight shoes, carrying huge bundles of clothing which they must express home next week. Corporals herded their charges without ceremony. Company commanders, trying their maiden hand at military records, burned orderly

"First Sergeant, take this man to the guardhouse—
under armed guard. I'll
prepare charges after drill
period"

KENNETH
F. CAMP
1933



room lights late into the night. The commissary reported a shortage of potatoes, flour and bacon and an over-supply of soap and catsup.

M Company was the first to be equipped with uniforms. While other commanders argued with the quartermaster, Captain Townsend thumped a sergeant's desk in the camp supply depot, threatened court martial, invoked the name of the divisional major general whom he never had seen, and led three squads, laden with olive drab breeches, back to his barracks. When the men complained to their corporals that the breeches were too small or too large, and the corporals rapped timidly on the orderly room door, T.N.T. listened silently until they were done.

Then he would say sharply: "Make 'em wear 'em. Not my fault they don't fit. Tell 'em to reduce or put on weight. At reveille tomorrow they'll wear breeches. No man in the company will appear in long pants. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," the corporals would reply, and flee from the presence.

There was no arguing with the man. When, after a week, the first drill schedule was posted in front of regimental headquarters, T.N.T. carefully transcribed it to his notebook. School of the soldier (with special attention to the salute) was listed for nine o'clock the next morning.

And the next morning it rained. The fine coating of yellow dust that had settled on the camp converted itself quickly into yellow paste. The bugler of the guard, who had played the cornet back in Indiana, sounded drill call nervously from the open door of the guardhouse, his left hand holding the score.

T.N.T. arose soberly from his desk and called briskly: "Everybody out for drill."

Perhaps that was the moment he made his reputation. It would have come sooner or later anyway. Every company commander, good or bad, develops a personality in the eyes of his troops. Often it is a bit grotesque. A fairly brave man assumes the qualities of a wounded lion, a timid man becomes a coward, a stern man is a brute. And usually it is some unimportant incident, like the state of the weather, that creates the illusion. In this case a recruit,

idling near the door, took it upon himself to say: "But it's raining!"

T.N.T. overheard the remark. "What of it?" he demanded. "I didn't start the rain. I can't stop it. Drill call is at nine. There's a war on, you know." He turned sharply, heel and toe. "Everybody out!"

And that is how, under the weeping sky, T.N.T. made his reputation. He marched his straggling column to the parade ground, split it into platoons, the platoons into squads, the squads into files. Rain washed down sullen faces, it wet shoulders unaccustomed to the elements, it soaked tired feet.

Attention . . . at ease . . . attention . . . at ease. Then, right hand . . . salute . . . two. Right hand . . . salute . . . two. Over and over. Endlessly. As endless as the rain. T.N.T. glanced toward the rise where regimental headquarters sat dry and comfortable. He could see the colonel watching through the window. But no other company appeared for drill. Nine-thirty. Ten o'clock. The rain splashed faster. Still no other company. Where were those home guards? Perhaps they hadn't heard about the war. Another half hour and the period would be over.

Too bad M Company had no dry uniforms, no dry shoes. Too bad it rained. Fifteen minutes more. Right hand . . . salute . . . two. Now for left face. Lift left toe . . . right heel . . . swing to the left. Two men fell down. Fell down, damn 'em! Try it again. Again. Again. One of the same fellows sprawled.

Then ten-thirty and the notes of recall sliding down the slippery fields.

"Form squads," T.N.T. commanded. "Company front, count off! Squads left . . . ho!"

That was late August. So it proceeded until October. In October Sergeant Pickens made up his mind.

Pickens had served on the Mexican border in 1916. So as soldiers went in those days he was an old campaigner. When the first half dozen double stripes were awarded, he was advanced to corporal. And he was one of the first three sergeants. On the morning T.N.T. drilled them in the rain he had complained



**As they marched home through the cold dusk
there were murmurings up and down the line**

louder than the rest, but not in the captain's hearing. Still, in spite of his objections, which became more and more frequent, he could swing a squad in a left-about without breaking ranks. A valuable man, Pickens.

T.N.T. had been instructing in nomenclature and care of the rifle that October day. The men seemed unusually dull. Just before the period was over, he called Pickens forward and with the whole company listening, demanded that he repeat the formula. When Pickens fumbled the words, T.N.T. stood up slowly. His austere face showed no emotion. He reached for the gun.

"Give me that piece," he bade. "I'll have one of the recruits explain it. You're from the national guard?" He smiled humorlessly. "The militia? Thank God we don't have to depend on the militia, if you're the type. . . ."

This was the moment when Sergeant Pickens made up his mind.

"When we get into action," he promised that night, "we'll get a new company commander."

Recruits, listening, gaped at the suggestion. Pickens had made no direct threat. But the men understood. Deep in their shocked hearts they approved. When they got into action, Sergeant Pickens must discharge his piece into the captain's back. Looking back, it seems curious now that men should even think such thoughts. There was nothing strange about it then. Everyone was a little mad in 1917.

Some captains have a genius for picking bad officers. Some, in the eternal shifting of lieutenants, allow themselves to be saddled with incompetents. Some with drunkards. Some with slovenly subalterns. Some with hard eggs. T.N.T. quite naturally filled his four lieutenantcies with characters like himself, austere, cold-blooded, mature men with salty tongues.

"We're here to win the war," he would say. "Be a damned tough job with this material. We can't relax." It was explanation, rather than apology.

Colonel Bishop, who commanded a troop of cavalry at Merced, Texas, before the war brought silver eagles to roost on his shoulders, agreed that nothing could be gained by pampering. It took fire to temper men. The army was a hard life. The militia was the only thing known to make Colonel Bishop laugh.

"In the islands we slept three weeks without blankets," he would tell his staff at officers' call. "It made men of recruits."

Naturally Sergeant Pickens did not approve of the colonel. He expressed this disapproval to the men in his company, all of whom heard him respectfully. It paid to listen to Pickens. He was an old soldier. He'd allow neither a colonel nor a ninety-day wonder like T.N.T. to put anything over on him.

T.N.T., watching his ranking duty sergeant, discerned this fact. It wouldn't do to have him running around unchecked. Have to make a lesson of him. The colonel said repeatedly that a lesson did the company good.

In December an eight-hour pass was granted to Pickens. He went in to Louisville. Somewhere near the corner of Twelfth and Cedar streets, he drank something out of a bottle. Back in camp, at two in the morning, he was challenged by a sentry. In the morning Captain Townsend sent for him. First call for drill had sounded, and the company stood impatiently in the slushy snow.

T.N.T., regarding Pickens without emotion, decided that the time for an example had arrived. Pickens meant nothing to him. It was the good of the company he considered.

"Pickens," he began, "you were drunk last night."

"No, sir, I was just drinking a little."

"You were drunk," the captain corrected him. "First Sergeant, take this man to the guardhouse. I'll prepare charges after drill period."

"Yes, sir." The first sergeant saluted.

"Take him there under armed guard, First Sergeant. Fixed bayonet."

He was a master in the art of humiliation. The company watched silently while their hero marched away. T.N.T. was making his reputation secure. The summary court found Pickens

guilty as accused, reduced him to ranks, condemned him to ten-days' imprisonment at hard labor, and fined him two-thirds of his pay for thirty days. All very regular. It took discipline to make soldiers. And soldiers to win a war.

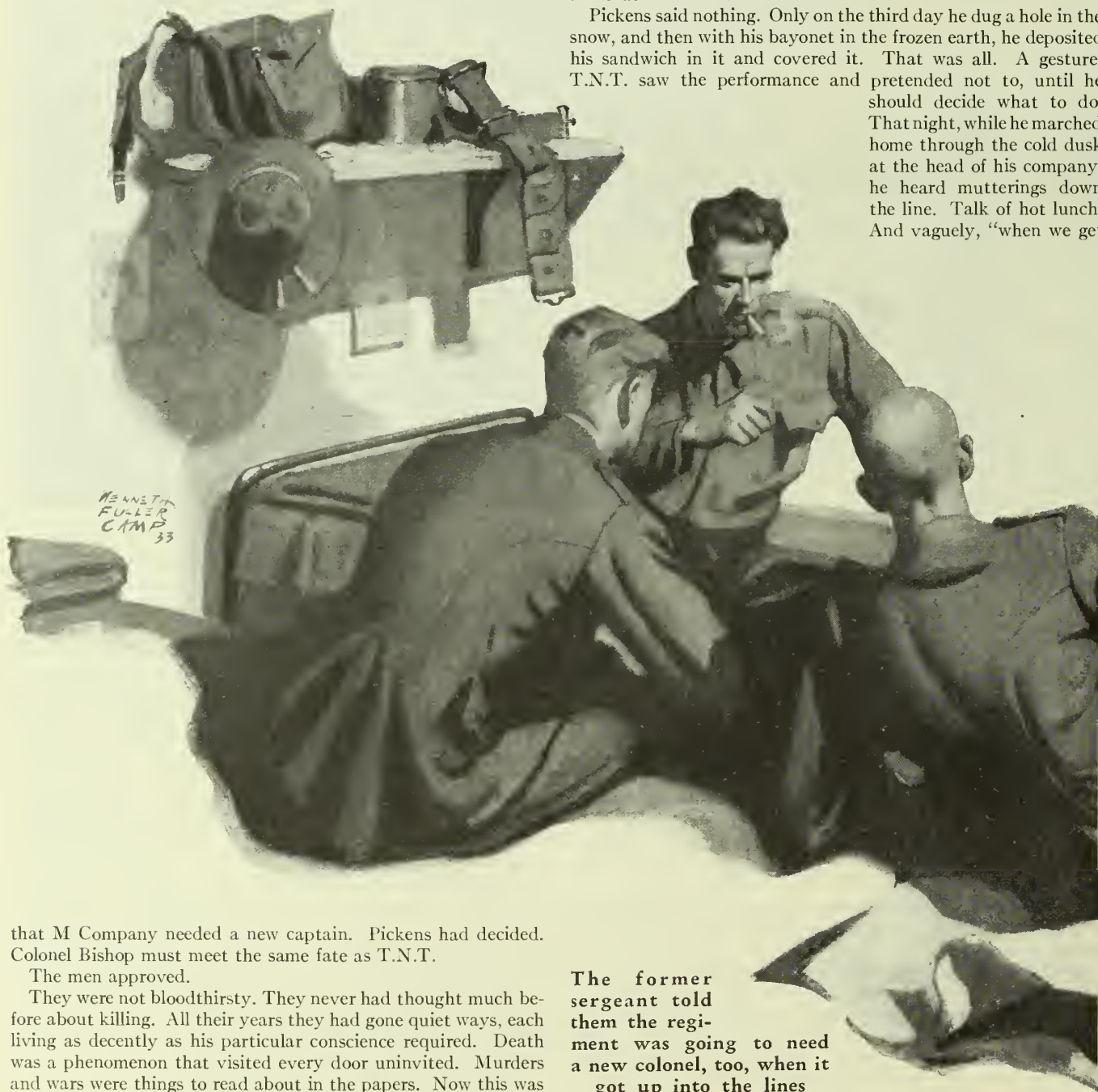
The ex-sergeant said little, openly, when he returned to barracks. Only his sleeves showed unfaded patches where his chevrons once had been, ignominious darts against the olive drab of his blouse and overcoat. He made no effort to retrieve the stripes. But after mess, before tattoo sounded, while he sat smoking on the edge of his cot, he talked in whispers to any soldier who would listen. And the story got out.

The regiment would need a new colonel about the same time

blowly drifts. Reveille was at six. Daylight found all companies stumbling southward under full packs. Colonel Bishop insisted that a full pack actually be full. Ninety pounds. He called it "the hardening process."

After the roads were beaten down, the colonel drove out to the range in his sidecar. It wasn't much of a sidecar, but in the eyes of walking men, it was indecent for anyone to ride in such comfort, no matter how important minutes were to him. There was little to do on the range. Five shots, ten at most, constituted a day's shooting. The remaining ten hours the men froze. Bacon between thick slices of bread, one sandwich to a man, and a can-teen full of lukewarm coffee, with the condensed milk boiled in it . . . that was lunch.

Pickens said nothing. Only on the third day he dug a hole in the snow, and then with his bayonet in the frozen earth, he deposited his sandwich in it and covered it. That was all. A gesture. T.N.T. saw the performance and pretended not to, until he should decide what to do. That night, while he marched home through the cold dusk at the head of his company, he heard mutterings down the line. Talk of hot lunch. And vaguely, "when we get



that M Company needed a new captain. Pickens had decided. Colonel Bishop must meet the same fate as T.N.T.

The men approved.

They were not bloodthirsty. They never had thought much before about killing. All their years they had gone quiet ways, each living as decently as his particular conscience required. Death was a phenomenon that visited every door uninvited. Murders and wars were things to read about in the papers. Now this was all changed. They were being taught to kill.

To kill the enemy, of course. An enemy against whom they had no personal grudge, someone they never had seen, who never had bullied them, never had made them get up when a bugle sounded, no matter how tired they were. It was all very impersonal. On the other hand, T.N.T. and the colonel were far from impersonal.

There could be no argument. They need only be patient.

The winter was a long one. Louisville remembers it as the year of the great snow. The rifle range lay south of Camp Taylor five or six miles, an interminable distance when one considers the

The former sergeant told them the regiment was going to need a new colonel, too, when it got up into the lines

to the front." Ominous. He tried his best to get them to sing. "All we do is sign the payroll, but we never get a goddam cent."

They would not sing. When they finally got to camp, T.N.T. lined them up in the snow in front of the quarters.

"I heard complaint today," he said. "I want to know who objects to the lunch."

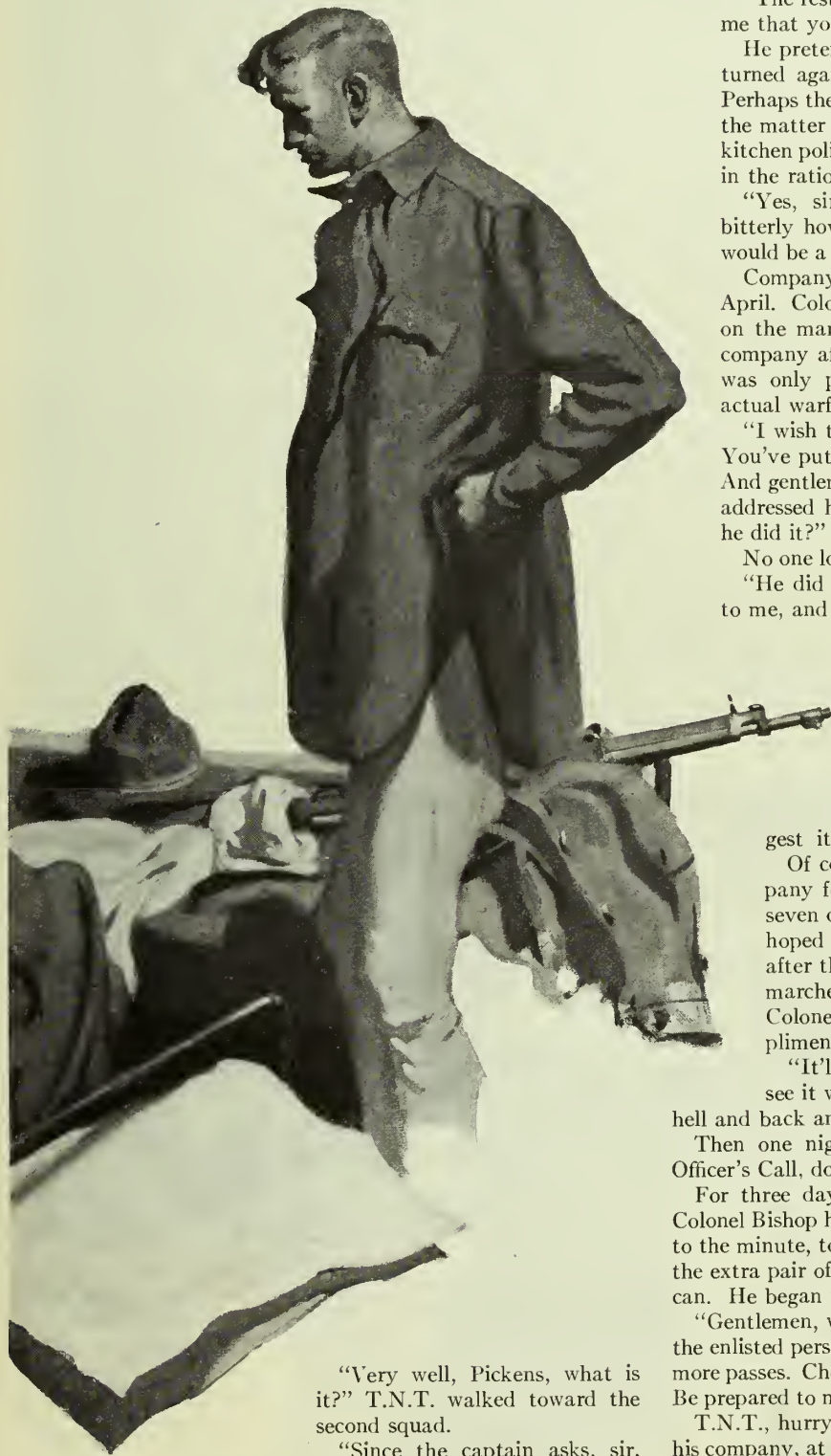
No one replied, quite naturally.

"Speak up," T.N.T. insisted. "What's wrong with the lunches?" He paused. "So you're perfectly satisfied? No improvement to offer?"

He had heard the colonel bait the officers of the regiment thus effectively two weeks before. It had halted audible grumbling.

"Well, if there's nothing wrong. . . ."

"Sir!" The voice shot out of ranks through the still, cold air. Every man knew who it was. None but Pickens, the old soldier, would have dared reply. "Sir, Private Pickens has his corporal's permission to speak to the company commander." All very military. Just as regulations prescribed.



"Very well, Pickens, what is it?" T.N.T. walked toward the second squad.

"Since the captain asks, sir, Private Pickens wishes to suggest

that the lunch be larger. It's a long walk on one frozen sandwich, sir." All very proper. All in the third person.

"A long walk for recruits," T.N.T. replied. "There'll be longer ones after a bit. And you are getting one sandwich because regu-

lations from regimental headquarters state that one sandwich will be taken, and eaten, on the range. Did you eat your sandwich today, Private Pickens?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't like it, sir. It was frozen."

"You permitted your personal dislike to take precedence over a command of regimental headquarters?"

"No, sir . . . yes, sir . . . I mean, no, sir."

"Just what do you mean, Pickens? Make yourself clear."

"I mean, sir, that it wasn't fit to eat."

"The rest ate them. Do any of you other men wish to tell me that your lunch wasn't fit to eat?"

He pretended to listen for a reply, and when none came, turned again on his ex-sergeant. "The rest are satisfied. Perhaps the militia can give us some valuable information in the matter of food. You are hereby detailed as permanent kitchen police until such time as you report an improvement in the ration. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," Private Pickens answered, and wondered bitterly how soon the regiment would be overseas. There would be a chance then.

Company and battalion maneuvers were on schedule in April. Colonel Bishop, riding his side car, visited his troops on the march. He found plenty to complain about; told company after company that it had better thank God this was only play, they would have been wiped out under actual warfare. But he complimented T.N.T.

"I wish to God I had eleven more companies like yours! You've put discipline into the men and made them like it. And gentlemen," he always seemed slightly amused when he addressed his officers thus, "gentlemen, do you know how he did it?"

No one looked at T.N.T. They knew how he had done it.

"He did it by obeying orders to the letter. He listened to me, and then forced his men to do as I demanded."

The winter perished in a flood of yellow water running down from the hills. Spring came to Kentucky, and the rebud trees put on their make-up, and the grass grew riotously green.

"We'll do some extra field work after supper if these recruits can stand it," the colonel decided. "This is not required. I merely suggest it for your consideration."

Of course T.N.T. accepted the suggestion. M Company fell in with full packs in front of its barracks at seven o'clock three evenings a week. T.N.T. may have hoped that some other captain would follow his lead after the first evening. But none did. Private Pickens marched in silence with the weary second squad. Colonel Bishop, hearing of the night maneuvers, complimented T.N.T.

"It'll be a great company," he prophesied. "I want to see it when it gets to the front. You can send them to hell and back and they'll go."

Then one night in June the bugler of the guard sounded Officer's Call, double time.

For three days the air had been charged with expectancy. Colonel Bishop had warned his officers to get their paper work up to the minute, to see that each man was fully equipped, down to the extra pair of shoes and the pinch of pepper in his condiment can. He began now importantly:

"Gentlemen, we have received a travel order. Say nothing to the enlisted personnel, except first sergeants and clerks. Issue no more passes. Check your rosters. Prepare travel lists in triplicate. Be prepared to move out at any time after eight in the morning."

T.N.T., hurrying back to his orderly room, was gratified that his company, at least, was ready. He called his first sergeant.

"This is in confidence, Sergeant," he began quietly. "We are moving. Eastward. Get the clerk. . . ."

He paused. There was a stir in the squad rooms. The news had arrived by other channels. Some irresponsible sergeant major, probably. A man cheered cautiously. (Continued on page 50)

Go ahead and FLY

by
William B. Smith, M.D.

ON DECEMBER 1, 1903, Orville Wright flew in an airplane. That dates aviation. It is the baby of transportation. The automobile, fifty years old or thereabouts, is another growing youngster of the same family. The electric street railway, a bit older than the automobile, already shows signs of senility. The railroad runs back centuries, although the steam railroad is little more than a century old. The steamship, if you credit the invention to Robert Fulton, as a patriotic American is apt to do, is 126 years old. If you credit the invention to the Marquis de Jouffroy, as a patriotic Frenchman is apt to do, the steamship is about 150 years old. So is the balloon. Sailing ships go back into dimmest antiquity. We know that some Phoenicians circumnavigated Africa in the seventh century B. C. Horse transportation was invented before history was invented.

During centuries and millenniums people have been carried and hauled by rowboats and sailing boats, by horses and donkeys and elephants and mules and reindeer and oxen and camels and llamas and dogs, and no method of transportation ever has been entirely abandoned. Even the bicycle is enjoying a revival.

So you see, transportation is a big family, with a lot of hungry mouths to feed, and aviation is the baby. But what a baby! If

FLYING is safer today than it was yesterday. Tomorrow? Dr. Smith, who knows if anybody does, predicts that within a generation its safety record will equal that of the railroads today. Insurance companies now insure pilots as well as passengers of airplanes, and the rates are not sky-high, either

anybody asks you, and people are asking about aviation these days, it's the biggest child of its age since trolley cars got out of their swaddling clothes. And it promises to grow bigger and stronger.

True, the child is sorely handicapped by the calamity-howlers, those lay physicians who hang over the cradle and shake their heads sadly and say "Tchk, tchk!" Like the poor, the calamity-howlers are always with us, and one of their favorite calamities is the airplane. The baby is growing too rapidly, the baby is breaking out in a rash of accidents. . . .

Because of the calamity-howlers, people like me every now and then have to rise up and do some counter-howling, or glad-tidings-howling. For the calamity-howlers are self-appointed medicos who don't know good symptoms from bad, and who never know what to prescribe for the ailments they invent. Every time a crazy kid goes up in a flying crate without a license and comes down without his life, they say "Tchk, tchk!" some more and maybe walk out into the street and get run over.

If they only knew it, there are many accepted forms of transportation that are more hazardous than aviation. One of them, I haven't the slightest doubt, is the ancient method of riding a horse, although statistics on the subject aren't available. In proportion to distance covered, pedestrianism certainly is more hazardous. Can you imagine a man walking 38,000,000 miles without being overcome by

One of the latest types of passenger planes engaged in regular cross-continental service





Planes have conquered the seven seas and both the poles

death? I can't. Even if it were possible for him to live long enough to walk 38,000,000 miles, I suspect he'd die before completing the journey. He'd be run down by a truck, or struck by a sliced golf ball, or he'd fall over a cliff.

I take the figure—38,000,000 miles—from the latest report of the United States Department of Commerce. During the first six months of this year, commercial aviation did a total business exceeding 76,000,000 passenger miles. (The passenger mile is the equivalent of one passenger flown one mile.) Only two passengers were killed from January 1st to June 30th, inclusive. There was a grand total of only forty-eight accidents in commercial aviation. There were four pilot fatalities, and pilot mileage undoubtedly exceeds passenger mileage, probably by more than 100 percent.

About three years ago I wrote for The American Legion Monthly on this very aspect of aerial hazard and risk. At that time I rather proudly remarked that during the previous year there had been but one fatal passenger accident to 1,400,000 miles of air travel over scheduled lines. And to think I was bragging *then!*

Now it is possible that the splendid record of aviation for early 1933 will not be equaled during the rest of the year, or during 1934. But it will be exceeded within a few years—of that I am sure. Aviation security has improved steadily, year after year since first we began keeping tabs on our commercial lines. The early 1933 record is an example of what to expect in the immediate future. Sometimes it will be worse, sooner or later it will be much better. Before long, I expect, it will have caught up with the biggest member of our transportation family, the railroad. By that time, however, comparison may be futile, because the railroads may not be carrying many passengers any more. Aviation is a threat to all its brothers.

Nor is a comparison between aviation and railroading today quite fair. Remember, aviation is only thirty years old; railroads go back more than a century. And if you want to be entirely fair, and compare the two methods of transportation at the same age, then aviation will look very good indeed.

Commercial aviation today is about where railroading was in the 1840s. If anything, it isn't so old. The development of our great aerial passenger business actually has been a process of the last eight years, although some mail and passenger planes were operated immediately after the war. And how does commercial aviation in 1933 compare with railroading in the 1840s? Fine. Of course one cannot tell for sure. In the 1840s, the railroads didn't keep track of their accidents. Although a locomotive had been invented, and had operated on a circular course as early as 1802, there were only a few thousand miles of rails in the whole United States during the 1840s—less (Continued on page 52)

AS *it* WAS in the

By Herbert
Illustrations

“WE ARE making new forests to take the place of old. A new understanding of the value of wild woodlands, of our wild animals and birds is coming to us. The glamor of those days with their teeming wild life we may yet in part hand down to our children if we act in time”



where the big beasts grazed in incalculable multitudes.

The Plains, extending from Texas on the south to North Dakota on the north, were a level or rolling expanse of grass, the buffalo's natural home. From the eastern edge of the Plains to the Atlantic coast a vast forest shrouded the land.

THE conservation movement is a forward-looking movement. It is concerned with the saving of our wild life, our forests, our natural resources in general for our children and children's children. It looks ahead, but this article looks behind. What we want to do is to bring back, in so far as we can, the unspoiled America that our forefathers knew. Most of us realize only vaguely what a wonderful land that was. If we knew more about what America used to be, we should work all the harder to stop the spoiling that is still going on.

This, then, is a picture of wonders that used to be: Of a buffalo hunt within sight of Washington, D. C., of moose browsing in the suburbs of Boston; of stately elk roaming the hills of New York and Virginia and Carolina; of bears so abundant that at least one Indian nation relied upon them as we rely upon beef cattle; of a tremendous, magnificent forest clothing the land from the Atlantic to the prairies and swarming with deer and other kinds of game. It is, I hope, a backward glance which will enable us to go ahead faster, for nothing else can so inspire us to stop the spoiling as a knowledge of what this country was before the spoiling began.

THE American wilderness was never a pathless wilderness. From east to west, from the prairies to the Atlantic foothills, it was traversed by roads more ancient than the stone highways of Rome. These roads were not made by man. They were made, long centuries before the coming of the white men, by the hoofs of thousands of buffalo moving eastward from the Great Plains

slowly, very slowly, year after year, century after century, the buffalo roads through the great wooded wilderness of eastern North America were trodden out. Most of them were shallow trails not much wider than the buffalo ruts of the prairies, but there were others which for considerable distances were as wide and as deeply worn as the wagon roads of civilized man. In many instances these became the settlers' roads.

Long before the first Englishmen landed in Virginia these buffalo roads had topped the mountain barrier of the Appalachians and descended their eastern slopes. Along these roads, year after year, moved bands of shaggy ruminants, offshoots from the vast central herd of the Plains, seeking new pastures in the rich Appalachian valleys and in the rolling country between the



BEGINNING

Ravenel Sass

by Paul Bransom

mountains and the sea; and there, when the first white men landed on the Atlantic coast, the buffalo were roaming in hundreds or even in thousands from the neighborhood of Niagara almost to the northern boundary of Florida.

It is strange how few people know that this was the case and how amazed and interested and pleased they are at learning it. Nearly every one thinks of the buffalo or bison as an animal of the western prairies, and somehow the discovery that buffalo once inhabited this eastern country of ours invests our woods and fields with a new glamour. The fact is that when the first Europeans settled in America, buffalo herds were grazing in what is now New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Even more surprising, it seems probable that the first buffalo hunt ever recorded by an Englishman in eastern North America occurred almost or actually within sight of the spot where the capital of the United States now stands. This hunt took place in the year 1612, and we owe our knowledge of it to Samuel Argoll, an English mariner.

"As soon as I had unladen this corne," Argoll wrote in a letter to Master Nicholas Hawes, "I set my men to the felling of Timber for the building of a Frigat, which I had left half finished at Point Comfort, the 19 of March; and returning myself with the

ship into Pembroke River, and so discovered to the head of it, which is about 65 leagues into the Land, and navigable for any ship. And then marching into the Countrie, I found great store of Cattle as big as Kine, of which the Indians that were my guides killed a couple, which we found to be very good and wholesome meate, and are very easie to be killed, in regard they are heavy, slow, and not so wild as other beasts of the wilderness."

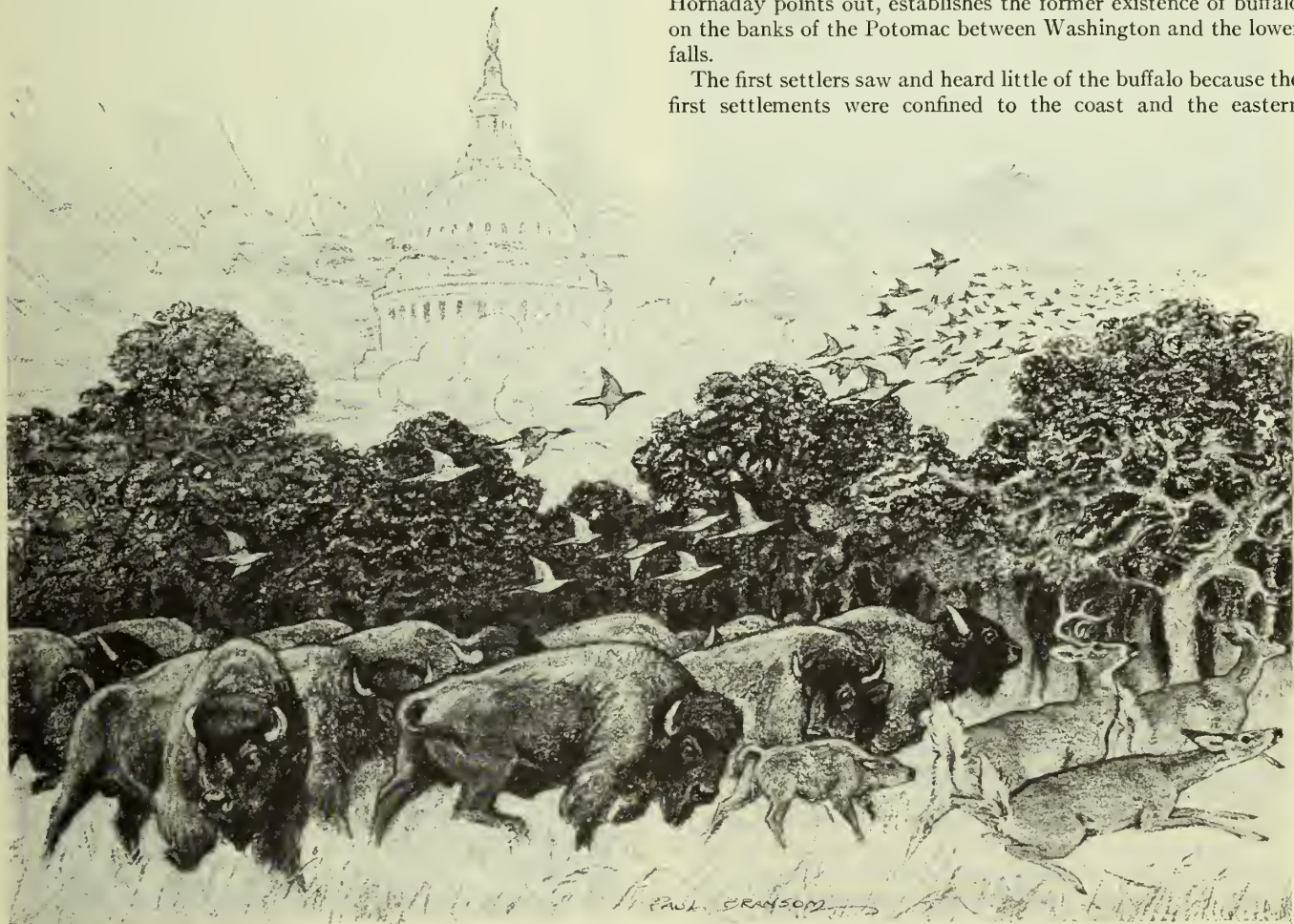
The "Pembroke River" was almost certainly the Potomac, and the "Cattle" that Argoll found were undoubtedly buffalo. This, says Dr. William T. Hornaday, an excellent authority on the history and natural history of the American bison, was the first occasion on which that animal was seen by Europeans other than Spaniards; and it appears highly probable, after a study of Argoll's route, that this buffalo hunt took place within 15 miles or even less of the site of the city of Washington.

Twelve years after Argoll's visit, an English fur trader, Henry Fleet, came to the Potomac to trade with the Indians living where Washington now stands and with the tribes of the upper river. In his journal Fleet wrote as follows:

"Monday, the 25th June, we set sail for the town of Tohoga, where we came to an anchor 2 leagues short of the falls . . . This place, without question, is the most pleasant and healthful place in all this country . . . It aboundeth with all manner of fish. The Indians in one night commonly will catch thirty sturgeon in a place where the river is not above 12 fathoms broad, and as for deer, buffaloes, bears, turkeys, the woods do swarm with them."

Even if Argoll's Pembroke River was not the Potomac—and most authorities believe that it was—Fleet's journal, as Dr. Hornaday points out, establishes the former existence of buffalo on the banks of the Potomac between Washington and the lower falls.

The first settlers saw and heard little of the buffalo because the first settlements were confined to the coast and the eastern





Scarcely a minute of the day that they could not see some wild animal

buffalo herds seldom wandered down into the tidewater regions. Years passed before the people of the coast settlements had any certain knowledge of what lay inland. The forest barred their way—a forest mysterious, immeasurable, boundless as the ocean itself, swarming with game but alive, too, with formidable savage tribes.

Yet it was not everywhere a dark and forbidding fastness. There were other vast regions where the giant trees stood far apart and little undergrowth subsisted beneath their spreading branches, so that over great areas the country was like a well-kept park.

In general the buffalo bands which came into this great wooded eastern wilderness from the Plains of the West sought the more open areas. The forest was more intricate in the North than in the South, and in New York the buffalo seem to have ranged no farther eastward than the eastern end of Lake Erie. Over a large part of Pennsylvania, however, they were abundant. Near the present site of the town of Clarion in that State, an early settler built his cabin close to a salt spring to which the buffalo resorted in such numbers that "he supposed there could not have been less than two thousand in the neighborhood of the spring."

From Virginia southward the great beasts were even more numerous. There and in the two Carolinas not only was the forest more open but from time to time the eye of the traveler

was delighted with the sight of beautiful flower-spangled prairies, some of them of great extent, embosomed in the woods like lakes of green. Probably it was in search of these forest-prairies, rich with wild pea-vine and maiden cane, that bands of buffalo came year after year from the West, crossing the Appalachian barrier by the deep-worn paths which the hoofs of the herds had trodden out during many centuries.

The best paths across the mountains in the early days were these buffalo roads; and when the first hunters penetrated the Piedmont country of the southern Atlantic States, they found the paths of buffalo winding everywhere among the hills. The buffalo themselves were there in hundreds, perhaps in thousands, though their numbers were as nothing compared with the myriads of the deer.

"When the first settlers of Duncan's Creek arrived from Pennsylvania," Logan records in his rare and little known history of upper South Carolina, "and began to erect their cabins on that fertile stream, they found its valleys and hills abounding in buffaloes . . . The old hunters killed great numbers of them, every year, solely for their skins and tongues; deer and wild turkeys were too abundant to make them (the buffalo) an object of pursuit for the sake of their flesh . . .

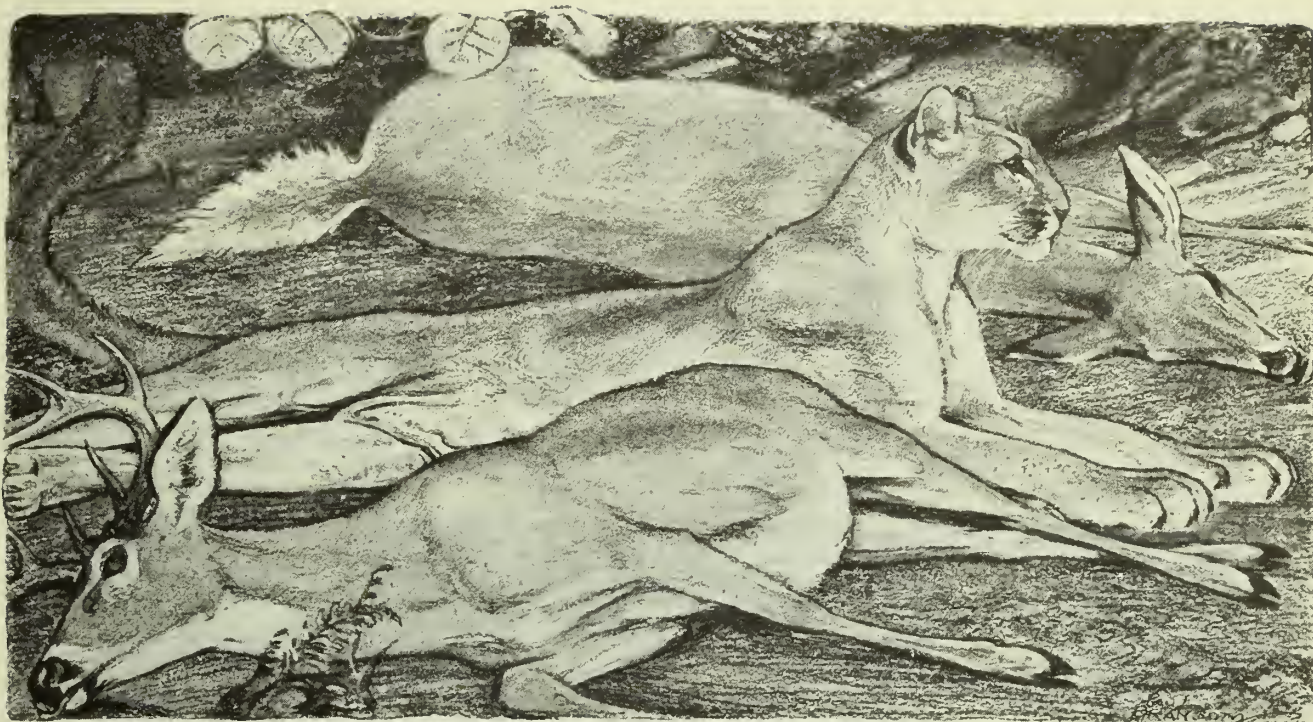
"In the year 1760, a Mr. Graves, an old man, crossed the Wateree at Graves' Ford, and formed a settlement in the present territory of Fairfield (South Carolina). When his people had kindled their camp fires, soon after passing the river, he looked into the larder, and announced to the company that their meal and meat were both entirely exhausted; 'but,' said he, 'as we crossed the river, I saw tracks in the paths, leading up from it into the woods, which must be those of the buffalo. Let the young men take their guns and waylay the trails, and they will, no doubt, soon take us a fresh supply of meat.'

"Reuben Harrison, who was one of the party, immediately formed a hunting band, and going out, as directed, was not long in killing three fat buffaloes, which they succeeded in bringing into the encampment. After cutting from their carcasses what they needed for their present necessities, the rest was divided into small pieces, and spread upon a log, to cool, during the night. The wolves, however, of the neighboring swamps, having got scent of it, surrounded the camp with the most hideous howlings, and when daylight came, scarcely half of the game could be found. 'But,' adds our chronicler, 'the loss was easily supplied'."

That brief story of Reuben Harrison's hunt is one of the few detailed accounts extant of a buffalo hunt east of the Appalachians.

Just when the last buffalo was seen in the East no man knows certainly. Hornaday thinks that in Pennsylvania the animal continued to exist until about 1795, and this is probably the approximate date of its final withdrawal from New York. In Virginia it disappeared probably about 1730. In Carolina, perhaps due to





Lying at ease between two deer he had just struck down

the enormous river canebrakes in the depths of which it could find refuge, the buffalo seems to have survived until 1775 or later. James Adair, hunter, trader and historian of the Indians, says in his quaint and fascinating volume that at that time buffalo had become very rare because of the great numbers killed solely for their tongues and marrow bones.

The Cherokee called the buffalo Yann'sa or Yun'su the Very Great Bull. So long is it since the last of the herds departed that scarcely a tradition of Yann'sa remains among the tribesmen today in their home in Ocona Lufta valley, in the shadow of the Great Smokies—all that is left to them of that splendid mountain empire where they were once supreme. The elk or wapiti, noblest of the round-horned deer, is also a dim and faded memory. Yet there was a time when Awi Agwa the elk shared with Yann'sa the buffalo the kingship of the eastern foothills and mountains—when the elk was found throughout the Atlantic States, though probably not in immediate proximity to the coast, from the Adirondacks to the hills of Georgia.

In the names of many towns, rivers, lakes and mountains its memory is perpetuated in the East; and in the open virgin forests and on the extensive prairie ridges of upper Carolina and probably of Virginia the early pioneers found elk in large herds. Probably the elk survived longest in the wilds of central Pennsylvania where the last of the species, so far as the records show, was killed in 1869. There and in the southern mountains and in the Adirondacks small herds of elk brought from the West have been reintroduced in recent years so that once more this stately animal may become a more or less familiar sight in its old home.

Farther north another monarch of the deer family held sway in the old days—the moose, largest of all the deer kind. Today, unless some which were reintroduced in the Adirondacks still survive, the moose, though abundant in parts of Canada, is to be found in only one eastern American State, Maine. In

pioneer times moose were so numerous throughout a large part of New England that, according to Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, one was "surprised" by a gentleman "in his grounds within a few miles of Boston." So many strange tales were told of this huge and fantastic looking beast in the early days that some of the first travelers apparently believed it to be identical with the great extinct Irish elk which is known today only from its bones and its gigantic nine-foot antlers.

"The most admirable Creature," says Oldmixon in his History of New England, "is the Mose, which Josseline thus describes in his New England Rarities; 'tis about 12 feet high, with four Horns, and broad Palms, some of 12 feet from the Tip of one Horn to that of the other. His Body is about the Bigness of a Bull's, his neck resembles a Stag's. His Tail longer than a Buck's and his Flesh very grateful. He shoots his Horns every four Years."

No wonder there were those among the Pilgrim Fathers who counted the "Mose" a more formidable antagonist than the panther himself!

Of the multitude of big game animals inhabiting the region east of the Plains, the white-tailed deer formed by far the greatest part. For centuries the Indian nations from Maine to Florida had drawn upon the white-tail for many of the necessities of life. Yet almost everywhere from Canada to the Gulf the deer were roaming in large bands and even in considerable herds when the first white man came. The great eastern American forest was the white-tail's ideal home and everywhere through that forest wound its narrow sinuous trails. In northern New England it was probably in the early days less abundant than the moose because the deep snows hampered it in fleeing from its natural enemies; but from middle New England, through New York and New Jersey to the southernmost tip of Florida, in the low coast country as well as in the uplands, it swarmed in amazing numbers.

"Deer," says Logan, "were so numerous that large herds of them were scarcely ever out of sight of the pioneer even while standing in his cabin door. (In 1731, by the way, there were collected from all quarters in Charlestown as many as 225,000 deerskins.) They were more numerous than hares are at present, while panthers, wolves, bears, catamounts and wildcats prowled in incredible numbers in the swamps and thickets, making night hideous with their cries . . . Lawson describes the cries and howlings of the wild animals at night, in the swamps of the Santee, even after that part of the province had been for some time in the possession of a European population, (Continued on page 54)



A time when the elk was found throughout the Atlantic States

BUMPED *by* a GENERAL

By Charles W. Burnett



LAST Month General Gouraud of France Told How the First Casualty in the Rainbow Division While under His Command Was an American Private Who Got in the Way of the General's Car. This Month the American Private Tells His Side of the Story

IN LAST month's issue of The American Legion Monthly, General Henri Gouraud was kind enough to include my name among his reminiscences of the Rainbow Division, and thus, in a fashion, to send me riding down through history on the front bumper of his automobile. His account of our meeting was brave and generous, but it inevitably lacked a bit in completeness. The General was compelled to view the encounter from the seat of his car; I had the advantage of being in its path.

After more than three months in Lorraine trenches, the 151st Machine Gun Battalion (composed of three companies from Macon, Georgia, and one from Pennsylvania) had marched into Tilloy-Bellay on June 30, 1918. There, for a day or two, the battalion went into billets. But the change brought no rest to me, for I was one of Company A's three cooks. Whether the men were in billets, camp or dugout, the cooks' work went insistently on.

On the evening of July 3d word came that we would celebrate

next day by moving back into line, this time in a sector far more active than the old-home trenches about Badonviller, Pexonne and Village Negre. Naturally we were excited—as the French interpreter suggested after my mishap, when he tried to explain it to General Gouraud.

"Late this afternoon," the General quoted him as saying, "orders arrived directing these machine-gunners to go forward to the front line, and I assure you, mon Général, that it provoked delirious enthusiasm. And doubtless this soldier was dreaming of tomorrow's battle. . . ."

After all these years, I am unable to say what I was dreaming of. But I am willing to let the "delirious enthusiasm" stand, no matter what brought it on.

We packed the kitchen that night, and got it in rolling order. Then we sat around and talked. I seem to have tired of the conversation for, I am told, I stepped out into the street before the shelter that had quartered both kitchen and cooks, and walked directly into the General's car's line of march.

One of my fellow-members in the 151st swears he had seen the automobile coming and had shouted, (Continued on page 60)

Ex-Cook Burnett and family re-enact a historic incident

EVERYWHERE *and* WAY STATIONS

By John T. Winterich

Frederick Palmer in His Memoirs Recalls
History That Was Being Made While the
Average-Age Legionnaire Was Growing Up



IT IS typical of Frederick Palmer's career that he had barely yanked the final sheet of his memoirs* from his typewriter when he was on his way to Cuba to see what particular brand of fireworks was due to be touched off after a president had resigned by acclamation. Ours is a happenful world, and this is a happenful epoch in its generally unpleasant history. The years just ahead may easily offer sufficient excitement to enable Frederick Palmer to compile a second volume of reminiscences, and it is not unlikely that he will finish it in time to be summoned by dirigible to inspect the antics of a lid freshly blown skyward in Greenland or Terra del Fuego.

If there ever is a second volume, it will make engrossing reading. This is a safe advance verdict based on an intimate knowledge of the first—a knowledge shared by every reader of *The American Legion Monthly* who has followed the partial serialization of "With My Own Eyes" in these pages.

There was a particular virtue in publishing these vivid extracts in the *Monthly*. Here was history, reported by an eye-witness, that was being made while the average-age Legionnaire was growing up; much of it, most of it, came home to the forty-year-old World War veteran as clearly as the recollection of his first day at school. When Frederick Palmer went to Greece in 1897 to cover a war that was as visible, as colorful, and almost as compact as a Legion drum-corps competition, a big majority of the four-million men who would make up our Army and Navy of 1918 had already emerged from the safety-pin stage; when Frederick Palmer sailed home from the Philippines with Admiral George Dewey most of us were able to savor and repeat the abundant puns that were built around and upon the honest old sailor's name—it was thus, perhaps, that we learned what a joke was, and began to lay the foundation for that occasionally magnificent sense of humor which buttressed the morale of the A. E. F. more than all the welfare outfits. When Frederick Palmer went to Europe as sole accredited American correspondent with the British forces in France we read his dispatches with a lively interest that would have been livelier if we had appreciated the fact that the hobnails of some of us would one day slap into the mud of Flanders and the corrugated watershed of the Somme.

When Frederick Palmer, after one of his rare peeps at home, went to France again, this time as a member of Pershing's staff, two million of us tailed after him. It was, for most of us, our first war. It was Frederick Palmer's umph plus—he doesn't give a statistical summary in "With My Own Eyes," but you can add together all the ructions of the past thirty-six years, subtract three or four as a concession to the physical law which forbids anything or anybody from being in two places at once, and get an approximate total.

If you think that familiarity with war has bred in Palmer an abiding affection for it you will be thoroughly rid of that idea by the time you reach the end of "With My Own Eyes."

Here is an American who has seen and known war in a hundred lands, who is acquainted, no man better, with the age-old formula that every war follows—the zest of departure, the drudgery of training, the tedium of waiting, the desperation of action, the messy aftermath. Then it is that (Continued on page 56)

*WITH MY OWN EYES. *A Personal Story of Battle Years.* By Frederick Palmer. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$3.50.

Gulf Stream WHOPPERS

By Frederick C. Painton

WHEN a man casts a dry fly on a trout stream he reasonably expects, if he has luck, to catch a trout. If a shark struck at his lure he would think that he was losing his mind, and his friends would be sure of it had he the temerity to report such an incident. It would be equally absurd if a man should fish for black bass and land a porpoise. Those things just do not happen.

But when a man goes fishing for mackerel, for instance, in the cobalt Gulf Stream or the pellucid white shoal waters of the Bahama Banks, and lands a two-hundred-pound marlin swordfish, any one who has ever fished these tropical waters will believe him implicitly when he recites the details. Such an incident is part of the day's adventures in seas where anything can happen and frequently does; as witness the case of the man who went king-fishing and returned with a two-ton killer whale.

It is more often the truth than not that the deep-sea fisherman rarely gets what he started after; and this fact makes the sport most thrilling—and also damnable annoying. I have in mind, as an example, a recent experience on the sand banks of Bimini.

We were there, Gene and I, to bonefish, which, according to those experts who should know, is the gamest fish, pound for pound, that swims. I had read about its frantic dashes for freedom that no man can stop. I had been told that no bonefish had ever been pulled into a boat until dead. I really believed that to catch such a fish, with its reputation of breaking more tackle, wearing out more anglers, running farther and battling harder than any other fish in the world, was the crowning thrill of amateur angling. I must have believed it, for we had come fifteen hundred miles for the purpose.

To make the point of this incident, three facts must be considered, and first of these is the bonefish itself. It rarely exceeds six pounds in weight, and hence light tackle is used; a three-foot bass casting rod, pflugel reel, and lightest of silk lines. Being doubtless the world's most inept caster, and skillful manufacturer of backlashes that require a knife to solve, I had arrived



The Paintons, father and son, exhibit a catch. It took fourteen hammer blows over the head to make this barracuda a still-life study

at Bimini with but a half-reel. Isaiah, our Nassau guide, at once informed me that a bonefish would run at least a hundred yards on the first rush, and trying to stop him with a thumbstall meant blood blisters, a broken line and a lost fish. Bimini does not carry silk fishlines, so I purchased a hank of net twine and filled my reel.

The bonefish feeds in shallow water, rarely over fifteen inches in depth and more often much less when their tails can be seen sticking out of the water as they nose and feed along the bottom. Into such shoal water, at a place called Bonefish Hole, Isaiah proposed to take us.

With such light tackle, in such shallow water, with such a special, shy game fish, one could with reason expect to catch only a bonefish. I hope someone is going to believe the sequel that follows.

In a ten-foot Nassau sailing boat we set out from our cruiser, heading east into the great curve of the island of Bimini. The island is nine miles long, crescent-shaped, and within its embrace are small coral atolls and extremely shoal water. For miles and miles this white water stretches, clear as the very air.

Above us the sun climbed a cloud-piled sky; ahead was a fringe of crooked palms leaning against the horizon; and beneath, a foot of water so clear we seemed to be skating on white flooring. It was a perfect day.

We felt a deep thrill of expectation as Isaiah heaved over the rusty flywheel that did for an anchor; we had crossed the seas from Miami to reach this goal, and we had to sail again at dawn. This was to be our one chance for the angler's prize gamefish, and we meant to make the most of it.

Isaiah's technique was simple; he chewed up vast mouthfuls of conchmeat (from the pearly pink conch shell that adorned all gay nineties what-nots) and then flung the debris twenty yards distant into the water. This was called chumming. He then baited our hooks with conchmeat and crab, and we cast into the center of the chum. The splashing frightened away the bonefish, but Isaiah assured us they would return. Thereupon, Isaiah took stance in the bow where, through the clear water, he could see our

More Often Than Not a Deep Sea Fisherman Fails to Get What He Set Out For, But He's Pretty Sure to Get a Run for His Money from Some Fighter of the Vasty Deep

bait and report when a bonefish took it. While we sat patiently he crooned:

Mama don't want no peas, no rice, no coconut oil;
Mama don't want no peas, no rice, no coconut oil;
Mama don't want no peas, no rice, no coconut oil;
All she wants is handy brandy all the time.

Time passed and I was reminded of times ago when I sat on a bank sucker-fishing. We never got any suckers then, and we did not get any bonefish now. This puzzled Isaiah exceedingly, and he was on the point of weighing anchor and finding another likely spot when I saw distinctly a huge black object about thirty yards off the bow. It was moving slowly and it had not been there a moment ago. It was as big around as a dining-room table.

a sting-ray and a devil-fish. Clearly now we could see that it was a chocolate brown with huge undulating flaps of muscle like wings, and we could see its rat tail with the rough spine sticking out of it at an angle. The spine was poisonous; very much so, and I recalled the plight of a lad at Boca Raton who had been stung by a small one and had had, as a consequence, a paralyzed arm for a month.

I sincerely hoped it would not come up under our boat, or fly into a rage and plunge upon us. Many times, in the Gulf Stream, I have seen one of these monsters, some weighing a ton or more, come hurtling out of the water to a height of twelve or fifteen feet and land with a stunning splash upon its prey. This leaping is the way a sea-bat kills its food. We knew now why there had been no bonefish return.

We watched the ugly monster languorously moving through our chum, a sinister black shadow on white sand; and then, without warning my line began to pay out.

"Holy Joe!" cried Gene. "You've hooked him."

My first reaction was bitter disappointment. This gigantic ray must weigh two or three hundred pounds. He would run out my line; I had no more with me; and thus I would catch no bonefish.

"Hooked him!" I repeated bitterly. "You mean he's hooked me. What can I do with that giant with wrapping twine and a



Landing a sailfish is pretty nearly the ultimate in deep-sea fishing

"Good Lord, Isaiah!" I whispered. "What's that?"
Isaiah frowned. "Him, that a sea-bat, Mistah Fraid."

The announcement brought a chill. Gene and I knew that a sea-bat was a member of the ray family, nearest kin to a sting-ray; we knew that it was called variously a stingaree, a sea-devil,

steel sliver." I ordered Isaiah to pole toward him to recover all the line possible before I cut loose.

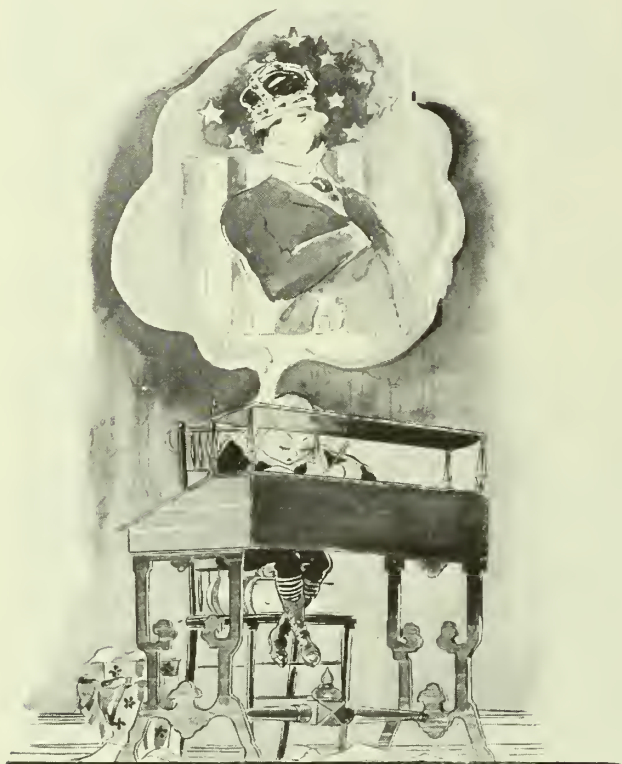
Slowly Isaiah poled. Through the translucent water we could see the enormous creature in every detail. The undulating wings, the protruding stary eyes, and the holes in the skull to the side of them. We could even see its tail poise, spine extended, as it became aware of our approach.

Gene crept forward and lifted a broken (Continued on page 61)

ENCLOSED

by
Fairfax Downey

*Cartoons by
George Shanks*



A child sent three stamps to "his Majesty, President Cleveland, from one of his subjects"

HE HASN'T got the conscience of a supply sergeant." Such are the scathing words with which we who once lined up for O. D. issues are wont to brand a man whose mind seems untroubled though his hands are black with guilt. It is, of course, a libel on a harassed non-com rank and originated doubtless with soldiers who, failing to obtain uniforms and shoes that fitted their particular anatomies, inferred that the sergeant had disposed of them for his own low ends.

The files of the United States Treasury contain evidence of Army and Navy consciences, war casualties suddenly rehabilitated. Their owners acted as their own supply sergeants in a non-regulation manner, appropriated government property and took it home with them. Years pass and conscience sits up and speaks. It can only be silenced by restoration of the value of the property taken. Thereupon the so-called Conscience Fund of the Treasury receives an anonymous letter and a sum in bills, money order or stamps. Then and then only can conscience obtain an honorable discharge.

After the World, the Spanish, and the Civil Wars, veterans have heard the wee, sma' voice. Sometimes it speaks in the harsh accents of the Top or the Bo'sun and sometimes in the milder tones of the chaplain, but sooner or later it demands restitution. Recently soldiers have sent in the price of pistols they kept, of clothing, of blankets, of a box of ammunition left over after target practice, of three Signal Corps electric light bulbs. Articles of small value but enough to destroy peace of mind and cause a mental conflict which becomes unbearable. Sailors refund the cost of appropriated measuring instruments, but naturally less comes in from the Navy than from that larger body of men, the Army. Also, snort hardboiled members of the land

forces, most everything is pretty well clamped down on a battleship.

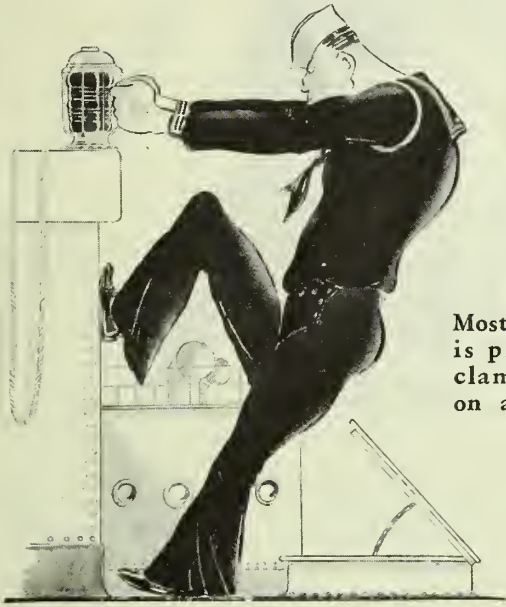
One World War veteran accompanied his refund with a conscience-stricken letter confessing "the Sin I have committed while in the Army at Camp." He had been transferred, he explained, from the Infantry to the Quartermaster Corps. Now perhaps because the Q. M. is a non-combatant branch of the service as regards the mortal enemy, it must fight a hotter action against that old devil, Temptation. This quartermaster was routed. He took home several pairs of gloves, shirts, and shoes.

"I was unsaved at that time," runs his sincere letter, "but my conscience condemned me so that I burned the stuff up. A little later on I was converted in a revival meeting, when God for Christ's sake forgave me of all my sins. Since that time I have been on my back track making wrongs right. And this is one of the hardest things I have to do. It seems to take my very heart's blood. But God says it must be done so I am writing to you asking you to forgive me. I know God forgives me. I regret the day it happened but that will not pay the debt. Now the Lord shows me that I must pay fifty dollars for the things I took, and ask your humble forgiveness. I mean by the Grace of God to make it through Heaven."



He feared a Congressional investigation would descend on him because he had made off with four cents of government property

PLEASE FIND -



**Most everything
is pretty well
clamped down
on a battleship**

Even During the Hardest Times Uncle Sam's "Conscience Fund" Profits When Tardily - Honest Folks Come Clean

A draft evader sent in \$25. His conscience "would not permit him to attend," he wrote, but it did insist he share the cost of war to some extent. The most pathetic instance of a World War conscience, unduly overwrought this time, was that of a woman draft clerk who wrote encouraging messages on the notices she sent draftees. Tortured by the belief that she had misused official mail, she figured up postage and forwarded \$340 to the Conscience Fund. Since she had acted anonymously, it was not possible for the Government to return the money to her as it wanted to do.

Records show payments by Spanish War veterans. After the Civil War, too, where they sang "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," consciences woke and demanded action. One wearer of the Blue annexed an army mule, wandering loose on a battlefield, and put it to work on his farm. When the animal died after a useful career, the former soldier was moved to send the Treasury \$100. Another defender of the Union was haunted by the memory of the time he got away with two loaves of bread in the chow line when he was entitled to one only; he bought peace of mind with \$1. Yet another returned the \$500 bounty he was paid for enlistment.

But the conscience hush-money paid in by ex-soldiers and sailors is only a very small proportion of the more than \$607,000 which has been given the Conscience Fund from 1811 to date. The large contributors may have made their profits out of the Army and Navy—with contracts and such—but not in it.

The largest single payment was \$30,000 in 1916. This was a fourth installment on a total of \$80,000. The sender wrote that he doubted whether the money really belonged to the Government, "but conscience has given me no rest until I have consummated the fourfold return like Zaccheus, the publican of old." Fourteen thousand dollars once was forwarded through an English clergyman. A package containing \$10,000 in banknotes attested the mental distress of an individual who "has paid double to the United States the amount he stole and still conscience will not be stifled." A recent gift consisted of four \$1,000 bills; they had been cut in two and the halves mailed separately.

Thence values restored range downward to a one-cent stamp. A mother, who managed a free train trip for her child, really more than six years old, was unhappy until she

refunded \$7.50, the price of a half-fare ticket. Somebody gave back an old razor, government property. People who come to feel they have scanted their income tax payments salve conscience by making it good. Not a few add to their restitutions compound interest to date. Smugglers from Europe, Mexico, and Canada suddenly become attentive to their duty. The most unique receipt in this class came with the following letter:

"Herewith I hand you a one-cent stamp for duty on a lead pencil, which I bought while in Buffalo from a Canadian. The pencil cost me two cents, so I have decided to pay one cent duty."

For a penny can trouble conscience as terribly, perhaps more terribly, than a sum of thousands of dollars. The records of the Conscience Fund prove that men, women and children have suffered mental agonies because they used canceled postage stamps over again.

"Since becoming a Christian I am duly impressed to restore to the U. S. Treasury a postage stamp which I used once," wrote one. "It had served its purpose once but seemed not to have been canceled much, if at all, nevertheless I used it as I was at the time very much in need of one. I am restoring it fourfold and trust I am forgiven for using it. I haven't been guilty of it any more (eight cents enclosed). May the Lord bless each one and save our souls."

Another directed a letter to the President:

"I am in a dreadful state of mind and I thought I would write and tell you all. About two years ago, as near as I can remember it was two years, I used two postage stamps that had been used before on letters, perhaps more than two stamps, but I can only remember doing it twice. I did not realize what I had done until lately. My mind is constantly turned on that subject, and I think of it day and night. Now, dear President, will you please



When the mule died after a useful career the former soldier was moved to send the Treasury \$100



Haunted by the memory of the time he got away with two loaves of bread in the chow line when he was entitled to but one

forgive me, and I promise I will never do it again. Enclosed find cost of three stamps, and please forgive me, for I was but thirteen years old, for I am heartily sorry for what I have done."

Then there was another child who, also having tricked the post office, reimbursed it by tendering three stamps to "his Majesty, President Cleveland, from one of his subjects."

One individual feared a Congressional investigation would descend on him because he had made off with four cents' worth of government property. His letter set forth his crime in earnest detail.

"Kindly accept the inclosed sum of four cents (stamps that I have paid for) to square my debt with our honest government officials. The act which I committed might render me a subject for investigation by a committee and because of its seriousness, would undoubtedly result in my being committed to a penitentiary for having dishonestly gotten possession of government property.

"Some time ago I was desperately in need of a story which could be procured only from a newspaper in the fileroom of the Library of Congress. I visited every out-of-town newspaper stand in the city, and was unable to get the paper I needed. Finally I found it in the Library of Congress and discovered it was several columns long. I needed that story—in fact I had to have it—and being an ingenious, if criminal, soul in a great hurry, I borrowed the paper from the files. Since that time I have wanted to send the price of the paper to the library, but, fearing detection and investigation, I have hesitated."

These victims of conscience almost never identify themselves. As for the Government, it is a case of no questions asked. The Treasury makes no investigation when it receives conscience moneys direct or through the following departments or bureaus: Customs, Internal Revenue, Agriculture, Commerce, Interior Civil, Indian Affairs, Justice, Labor, Navy, State, War, Miscellaneous Civil and Veterans Administration.

The point must be emphasized that there is no specific fund set aside in the Treasury on account of these moneys. That which is popularly known as the Conscience Fund is formally labeled by Uncle Sam—"Miscellaneous Receipts; Moneys Received from Persons Unknown." And this income is annually paid into the Treasury's general fund from which are met the duly authorized expenditures of the Government under appropriations made by Congress. Hence cash from the conscientious is spent from year to year and does not accumulate. Many people are unaware of that fact. They write to ask gifts or loans without interest from the Conscience Fund. Since religion often urges the payments, ministers think it fitting that some of this money be applied toward relief work or to raise mortgages on churches or settlement houses. Citizens have sought vainly to borrow from it

the price of needs ranging from a cow to a set of false teeth.

As has been remarked, conscience first rang the national cash register when Madison was President, five dollars being slipped into the till by a man who confessed having defrauded the Government of that amount. Payments for that year, 1811, totaled \$250. Thereafter consciences were quiet until 1827 when the "take" was six dollars. Only one year since then has been blank of payments—1848. Mexico might point out that we had been too busy relieving her of Texas to relieve our consciences.

The urgent demands of the "stern daughter of the voice of God" may be traced through the war and panic periods of our history. The panic year of '57 saw \$1,300 flow into the Conscience Fund. Evidently there were some ill-gotten gains in the Civil War, for contributions rose steadily from \$4,118.40 in 1864 to the \$29,153.11 of 1868. Panicky 1873 reached another high point with \$23,302.77, but '93 brought in only \$1,708.76. Was the "embalmed beef" of the Spanish War responsible for some of the more than \$5,000 of '98 and the more than \$8,000 of '99? The financial crisis of 1907 was signaled by restoration of \$6,515.59.

The Conscience Fund payments of our own generation have been as confused as the era itself. Close (Continued on page 63)



They try to borrow from the Conscience Fund enough to allow the purchase of a cow or a set of false teeth

★ *The National Commander Says—*

On to GREATER Accomplishments

LaHaye

Following his unanimous selection as National Commander by the Fifteenth National Convention at Chicago, on October 5th, the new chief of Legiondom addressed the delegates as follows:

MY COMRADES, with the thought in mind of all you want me to do as your National Commander, may I recount briefly just two or three things which will guide me in the future in the conduct of the activities of this Legion.

First let me say, just as emphatically as I can, there will be no one who will direct the policies of The American Legion's National Commander, there will be no one who will dictate to the National Commander of The American Legion in his appointments, except the duly constituted authorities of the Departments and units from which the men who serve the Legion are to be selected.

I want you to know that throughout my year I shall exert every effort to bring together the influence and the strength of this beloved organization of ours. Let us substitute certainty and knowledge for uncertainty and confusion in its ranks. Let us have no difference of opinion either within or without the Legion.

Let us go away from this convention thinking of two outstanding things which occurred here.

First, that you adopted unanimously the report on National Defense presented by an illustrious soldier from Maryland, General Milton A. Reckord.

Second, keep in mind that you men and women representing the rank and file of The American Legion—and the rank and file will be the ones who will speak this year—said to me as your National Commander when you adopted the report of the Rehabilitation Committee, presented by one of our warmest friends in this Legion, Pat Cliff of Minnesota, that I should see to it that confusion, uncertainty and misrepresentation with relation to our position in the past shall be eliminated. This you did through your adoption of the four-point plan on rehabilitation. It will be my hope, it will be my prayer, it will be my duty throughout the entire year to carry out that mandate.

It is my pledge to those comrades of ours who are today in the institutions wherein they cannot see, wherein they cannot think, that I shall exert every effort in my power to bring within the rank and file of The American Legion every eligible man and woman who served in the World War. When we get these men and women to join hands with us, it will be our duty to see to it that they say and do identically the same thing on national defense, on rehabilitation and on each and every one of the various subjects within the category of Legion activity.

Mr. Commander and my comrades of the convention: I cannot find words to express my gratitude to you. Scientists have been



able to determine the dimension of the stars, they are able to reach out into the heavenly spaces and determine the weight of heavenly bodies, but no one has ever been able to determine the dimension or weight of the gratitude which comes within the soul of a human being for such an honor as you have given me today.

I assure you that I will, with every ounce of my energy, with all of the experience I have had, throughout the year attempt to represent you and fight for this Legion and our disabled comrades. I shall endeavor to lead this organization of ours on to greater accomplishments, and by so doing follow the leadership of my illustrious predecessors.

The GREATEST

THE LEGION'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL
AN UNFORGETTABLE IMPRESS ON

THE KEYNOTE OF THE 1934
REHABILITATION PROGRAM

By Philip

THE Chicago convention adopted the following four-point program as the basis for the Legion's activities on behalf of the disabled service man:

- 1 That no war veterans disabled in line of duty suffer any reduction of those benefits granted such veterans in the World War Veterans Act as in effect prior to March 20, 1933.
- 2 That hospitalization under Federal Government auspices be afforded all veterans not dishonorably discharged who require hospital treatment and who are not able reasonably to pay for their own treatment.
- 3 That perpetuation of service connection for all veterans properly granted such service connection under laws in existence prior to March 20, 1933, be recommended as an item of Legion policy.
- 4 That the benefits provided for dependents of veterans as established in the World War Veterans Act be resumed and maintained as the government's policy and that in no event shall widows and/or dependent children of deceased World War veterans be without government protection.



INDIAN SUMMER comes to the Middle West, it has often been said, like a benediction—a blessing of warmth and mellow sunshine and hazy horizon—an armistice of the seasons. It comes normally after cold winds have swept the fields of shocked corn and yellowing stubble, but before the first snowfall, and it is Nature's cheerful interlude between autumn and winter. At the very beginning of October, however, Indian Summer arrived dramatically and prematurely in the Middle West and rode into Chicago with the President of the United States and 150,000 members of The American Legion.

Chicagoans left off their topcoats and Chicago stood forth in her glory of flag-bedecked streets and skyscrapers. The metropolis of mid-America assumed the mood as well as the dress of her glamorous World's Fair as she greeted the Legion hosts.

Never before—not even in the Paris of its birth which it revisited in 1927—had the Legion encountered what it found in Chicago. Here was a magnificent convention stage, set with wings and backdrop of giant buildings, traversed by a lake-front boulevard fronting on what Chicago calls its “resplendent area of palaces of art, science and sport,” and ornamented by the wonderland of towers and rainbow-colored halls of A Century



“THERE ARE TWO ENEMIES . . .”

“If the spirit of sectionalism or the spirit of class is allowed to grow strong, or to prevail, it means the end of national unity and the end of patriotism”

of Progress. It was a stage worthy of national drama.

The Legion made history anew at Chicago. It made it not only by what it did and said but also by its manner and mood. The Legion confirmed the country's capacity to rise superior to its woes after four years of depression, because 150,000 Legionnaires demonstrated that they could still laugh and play, as well as view facts courageously, after four years of fear and misfortune. They could still view the problems which are the nation's as well as their own with eyes unclouded with bitterness.

The Legion's spirit flamed true to its best traditions when it cheered President Roosevelt not perfunctorily but with warmth and enthusiasm as he spoke to 25,000 delegates and convention visitors under the dome of the Chicago Stadium. It responded to the sincerity and sportsmanship of a President who had come almost a thousand miles at a time when he was bearing

SHOW *on* EARTH

NATIONAL CONVENTION LEAVES
THE CAPITAL OF MID-AMERICA

Von Blon



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt returns the greetings of 25,000 Legionnaires in Chicago Stadium. Below, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink as she sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the opening session

burdens as great as those any other man has borne in our history. The Legion was touched by his voice with its undertone of care and his smile which could not hide the lines which seven months in the White House have brought to his face. Even though it disagreed with some of the things he said, even though it could not forget its own disappointment born of the passage of the Economy Act, the Legion welcomed its guest, heard him thoughtfully and cheered him as it bade him Godspeed.

In the spirit of 1918, the Legion marched, one hundred thousand strong, for nine hours, down Michigan Boulevard past Chicago's hotels and skyscrapers and completed its pageantry in Soldier Field. There 100,000 spectators were tremendously moved by the magnitude and beauty of the spectacle. This was on Tuesday, the second day.

Never before such a parade. Never before such a background for a Legion parade. Beyond the Grecian colonnade

which crowns the lakeward side of Soldier Field rose the enchanted towers and halls of the World's Fair. Beyond the colonnade of the opposite side of Soldier Field loomed the skyline of Chicago's business section. Overhead, a blue sky and a bright sun. Indian Summer haze had been succeeded by October brilliance. The marchers encircled the green oval, with its white markings of football gridiron, and passed in review before National Commander Louis Johnson and the convention's distinguished



guests, many of them from overseas.

The President's dramatic appearance and the triumphant nine-hour parade were but two peak moments of a national convention which was in its entirety a soul-stirring American drama. It was bound to be that. It constituted the latest stanza in the epic of Chicago, the tale which began with the building of Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago River in 1803.

The Chicago of today has risen where once were woodlands and prairies, commanded by the log

walls of Fort Dearborn, the hunting grounds of the Indians. Decade by decade, Chicago pursued its destiny. The old fort was subordinated by a frontier town and the town itself became a city. It was in 1833 when it assumed this civic stature. It was to commemorate the further development from the city of 1833 to the world metropolis of today that Chicago threw





A World's Fair sky-ride tower makes a background for people and pageantry in Soldier Field—a split second in the nine-hour parade

a place which echoed the shuffling of multiplied thousands of footsteps and the hum and clanking of machinery. By night it was a fairyland of brilliance, as the giant tubes of radiant gas in every color of the rainbow glowed upon towers and walls, and searchlights played upon the skies. All this the Legion's own for four days.

Great events leave a permanent impress upon the places in which they are held. The Chicago Stadium, where President Roosevelt spoke, had already won a place in history as the hall in which he was nominated for the Presidency fifteen months earlier.



It was to this arena he traveled dramatically by airplane in June of 1932 to address the Democratic National Convention which had made him its standard bearer.

The business sessions of the convention were held on Wednesday and Thursday in the Chicago Civic Opera House. Upon the vast stage of this building was seated the brilliant assemblage of distinguished guests.

open last spring the gates of its exposition and called it A Century of Progress.

This World's Fair was created Aladdin-like by industry and science. With the white caps of Lake Michigan as its foreground and with the towering buildings of Chicago's skyline as its backdrop, the World's Fair had an Arabian Nights' beauty within its confines. Like some dream city of a century hence, it stretched for miles along the lake shore, with great halls and towers of varied color and bold and unfamiliar architecture. There were lagoons of emerald water and a midway that shimmered white in the sunshine. There was a Belgian Village, whose cobbled winding streets and cafés and shops and churches brought pangs of recollection to veterans of the A. E. F. There were the Streets of Paris. Every country was conspicuous in the pageantry of the exposition. It was a place of throbbing life by day,

Upon this stage, too, where prima donnas and great tenors and baritones have sung in memorable seasons, took place the formal introductions of guests, the reading of the reports of committees, the debates upon questions of policy, the recording of the votes by States and the election of officers.

Soldier Field, on Chicago's lakefront, will always stand out in Legion history. When National Commander Louis Johnson took his place in the reviewing stand at one side of the field along with



"Here they come!" Blatz Post Band of Milwaukee, which won the national band championship



Michigan Boulevard goes American Legion. Below, General and Legionnaire Frank Parker, the directing genius behind the precision of the nine-hour parade

the Legion's distinguished guests, Soldier Field was a vast horseshoe of gay and varied color. More than 100,000 persons filled the sloping seats which encircled all but one end of the stadium. Only a few times since the stadium was completed in 1925 had greater crowds been within it. In the march of 100,000 Legionnaires and Auxiliaries, forty-eight States and a dozen outlying Departments depicted the glamor of composite America. Four hundred drum corps and 150 bands passed with never-ending melody, and interspersed in the solid ranks of marching Legionnaires were floats and novel exhibits recalling the history and the proud boasts of almost every American commonwealth.

For its National Commander in 1934, to lead the organization in a year in which must be brought to solution many grave problems affecting the disabled service man, the national convention elected Edward A. Hayes of Decatur, Illinois. Mr. Hayes had served in 1933 as vice chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee and had given to the problems of the disabled man continuous study as a member of this committee in earlier years. He had been Commander of the Illinois Department and its National Executive Committeeman.

After the enactment of the Economy Act, Mr. Hayes stood out as sponsor of the Legion's four-point program for the restoration of the rights of the disabled man, a program which was successively affirmed by five regional meetings of the Legion's rehabilitation representatives, and adopted, unanimously, by the convention. It will govern the Legion's efforts in 1934 to obtain the further modification and liberalization of the Economy Act.

Mr. Hayes' election was predicted as a certainty by his



supporters before the convention proceeded to the formal task of balloting, and this certainty was confirmed early in the first and only roll call. As State after State cast solid votes for Hayes, a clear majority for him was rolled up by the time South Carolina was reached. When the name of this State was called, George W. Malone of Carson City, Nevada, a candidate who had received many votes, stood up on the floor and moved that the election of Hayes be made unanimous. Vilas Whaley of Wisconsin, another nominee, walked to the platform and seconded the motion. When National Commander Johnson put the question to the convention there was a thunderous aye and not a single no. The audience rose and cheered as Mr. Hayes

was escorted

to the platform and was quickly surrounded by the standards of all the departments while the photographers' flash lamps popped and cameras clicked. Mr. Hayes then addressed the convention.

Mrs. Hayes, the mother of four children, stood by her husband. She smiled and waved a greeting as National Commander Johnson presented her to the convention.

Other candidates nominated for National Commander, in





addition to Mr. Malone and Mr. Whaley, were Rufus H. Bethea, Past Department Commander of Alabama and member of the National Executive Committee; Milton A. Reckord, Commander of the Department of Maryland and chairman this year of the Legion's National Defense Committee; Ray Murphy, Past Commander of the Iowa Department and chairman of the National Legislative Committee during the past year; Sam Reynolds, who has served ten years as Nebraska's member of the National Executive Committee.

As National Vice Commanders the convention elected by acclamation Charles R. Mabey of Salt Lake City, former Governor of Utah; R. L. Gordon of Dermott, Arkansas, Past Commander of the Arkansas Department; Miguel Munoz of Puerto Rico, Past Department Commander; Edward Carruth of Herington, Kansas, Past Commander of the Kansas Department, and Charles L. Woolley of Providence, Rhode Island, member of the National Executive Committee for several years.

The Reverend Robert J. White of Watertown, Massachusetts, was elected National Chaplain. Father White enlisted in the Navy during the World War while he was completing his second year at Harvard University, and served thirty months, twenty-two overseas. He completed his law course at Harvard after the war, from which he emerged with a fifty percent service-connected disability, and became prosecuting attorney of the county which includes the city of Boston. He served as County Commander of The American Legion, directing the activities of fifty-one posts and 10,000 members. Later he became a clergyman, and he is now professor of criminal law and ethics at the Catholic University in Washington.

The National Executive Committee, at its meeting held on the stage of the Civic Opera House, immediately after the convention adjourned, upon the request of National Commander Hayes postponed the election of the National Adjutant and the appointment of the National Treasurer, the National Judge Advocate and the National Historian, to the meeting of the National Executive Committee to be held in Indianapolis in November.

FOR almost three hours the 25,000 Legionnaires and convention visitors in Chicago Stadium awaited the coming of President Roosevelt. The speakers' platform jutted from one side of the huge auditorium like a headland of star-spangled bunting into a sea of blue and gold Legion caps. Beneath the crossed flags at the front of the platform was suspended the Great Seal of the United States, the symbolical American Eagle. High upon the edge of one of the galleries directly opposite the speakers' platform were five floodlamps, aligned in a compact battery. Like quintuple suns these giant lamps shot their beams over the heads of the crowd and drenched with blinding white light the



The new National Vice Commanders: Miguel Munoz, Puerto Rico; Edward Carruth, Kansas; Charles L. Woolley, Rhode Island; Charles R. Mabey, Utah, and R. L. Gordon, Arkansas. **At left, Reverend Robert J. White of Massachusetts, the new National Chaplain**



Sam R. Heller of Virginia (right), new Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, is greeted by retiring Chef John A. Elden of Ohio



assemblage upon the platform. Time after time the five suns flared as new speakers arose.

The big stadium pipe organ thundered out "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here," "Happy Days," "How Dry I Am," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," as the crowd was filing into the stadium. The national championship Band of Trade Post Band of Chicago began playing at 9:40. Just before 10 o'clock National Commander Louis Johnson pounded with his gavel for order. The National Chaplain, the Reverend Irvin Q. Wood of Pocatello, Idaho, asked the invocation. In the full glare of the five suns Madame Schumann-Heink sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

Speakers now. The Governor of Illinois, the Mayor of Chicago, Rufus C. Dawes, president of A Century of Progress; Department Commander James P. Ringley of Illinois; Joseph F. Novotny, president of the Chicago convention corporation. At 10:30 Commander Johnson left the platform to meet President Roosevelt at the LaSalle Street Station. Past National Commander Howard P. Savage took the gavel. More speakers. The head of the Canadian Legion, the highest officers of the G. A. R. and the United Confederate Veterans. Past National Commander Savage yielded the gavel to Past National Commander John R.

Count Adelbert de Chambrun, France's envoy to the convention, places the cross and ribbon of the Legion of Honor upon National Commander Louis Johnson in the presence of Past National Commanders Henry L. Stevens, Jr., and Paul V. McNutt



Quinn, with the waving of sombreros in California's sector.

The band played the Italian national anthem as Major General James G. Harbord arose to introduce Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless and representative of the Italian government. General Harbord paid Signor Marconi a tribute. "He is one of the first men of our time," the General declared. Another tribute by General Harbord, to General Adelbert de Chambrun, official representative of the French government. The crowd applauded as Mr. Quinn presented General de Chambrun, wearing the horizon blue dress uniform of his rank, the highest decoration of the Legion of Honor upon his breast. The band played the Marseillaise. General de Chambrun spoke in English.

In succession, Governor David Sholtz of Florida, a Legionnaire, wearing an orange-colored Legion cap; Governor Brann of Maine, also a Legionnaire; Princess Cantacuzene, grand-daughter of General Grant, born in the White House, a member of The

"The game is yet in our hands; to play it well is all we have to do today." There was a stir in the crowd at the rear of the platform as Mr. McNutt concluded his speech. Past Commander Quinn announced: "The President of the United States!"

Preceded by secret service men, Mrs. Roosevelt entered, escorted by National Commander Johnson, who presented her to the cheering crowd. Then came Franklin D. Roosevelt, dazzled a moment by the brilliance of the battery of floodlights. In the midst of a great demonstration the President stood smiling, surveying the crowd, obviously moved. National Commander Johnson was at his side. Mr. Johnson raised a hand. The crowd became silent. Camera shutters clicked.



The fastest-stepping outfit in the parade

American Legion Auxiliary in Florida; Governor Clyde L. Herring of Iowa, a Spanish-American War veteran. An enthusiastic demonstration as Legionnaire Paul McNutt, Governor of Indiana, arose. Governor McNutt quoted George Washington:

the spirit of class is allowed to grow strong, or to prevail, it means the end of national unity and the end of patriotism."

Condemning class distinction, the President said: "The people of this country are less and less willing to tolerate benefits for any

"The President of the United States!" said Mr. Johnson.

"I am glad to come here as your guest and I am glad to have the right to come here as your comrade," the President began. "I have come because I have faith in The American Legion and in all other veterans of our wars."

For forty minutes President Roosevelt spoke. His words were carried to the farthest corner of the country by radio. Almost every American newspaper published his address in full. It was an address that belongs to history, an appeal for national unity.

"There are two enemies of national unity," the President declared, "sectionalism and class, and if the spirit of sectionalism or



Magic carpet stuff. A ticket to the Belgian village of the World's Fair was as good as a trip to Europe

one group of citizens which must be paid for by others."

Mr. Roosevelt then described the situation which existed this spring during the banking crisis immediately after he took office.

"There is such a thing as national credit," he said. "It depends upon national unity. Without it the Government cannot get the money to give. You and I depend upon it, and in a right sense your welfare and mine rests upon it. That is not just an academic proposition. Industry cannot be restored, people cannot be put back to work, banks cannot be kept open, human suffering cannot be cared for, if the Government itself is bankrupt. We realize now that the human values, not for you alone, but for all American citizens, rest upon the unimpaired credit of the United States.

"It was because of this that we undertook to take the National Treasury out of the red and put it into the black. And in the doing of it we laid down two principles which directly affected benefits to veterans—to you and the veterans of other wars.

"The first principle . . . is that the Government has a responsibility for and towards those who suffered injury or contracted disease while serving in its defense.

Where are you two birds stopping?

We ain't stoppin' no place—we just keep on going!!!



"The second principle is that no person, because he wore a uniform must thereafter be placed in a special class of beneficiaries over and above all other citizens. The fact of wearing a uniform does not mean that he can demand and re-

ceive from his Government a benefit which no other citizen receives. It does not mean that because a person served in the defense of his country . . . he should receive a pension from his Government because of a disability incurred after his service had terminated, and not connected with that service.

"It does mean, however, that those who were injured in or as a result of their service, are entitled to receive adequate and generous compensation for their disabilities. It does mean that generous care shall be extended to the dependents of those who died in or as result of their service to their country. . . .

"It is my hope that in so far as justice concerns those whose disabilities are, as a matter of fact, of service origin, the Government will be able to extend even more generous care than is now provided under existing regulations. . . .

"To these two broad principles, the



H. F. Akroyd Post Drum Corps of Marlboro, Massachusetts, new national champion drum corps

time has come, I believe, for us to add a third. There are many veterans of our wars to whom disability and sickness unconnected with war service has come. To them the Federal Government owes the application of the same rule which it has laid down for the relief of other cases of involuntary want or destitution.

"In other words, if the individual affected can afford to pay for his own treatment he cannot call upon any form of Government aid. If he has not the wherewithal to take care of himself, it is first of all the duty of his community to take care of him and next the duty of the State. Only if under these circumstances his own community and his own State are unable, after reasonable effort, to care for him, then, and then only, should the Federal Government offer him hospitalization and care."

Mr. Roosevelt then expressed his gratitude to the Legion for supporting the Government's plan of national recovery and referred to the "Battle Orders" pledging help in the NRA program issued in August by National Commander Johnson.

"I ask your further and even greater efforts in our program of national recovery," the President ended.

The convention applauded and cheered for several minutes after the President finished his address. As the Stadium quieted, Mr. Roosevelt turned to National Commander Johnson.

"I am out of order," he said, "but I am acting for a minute as your temporary chairman. I have a very pleasant responsi-

bility. I have been asked by the women of Clarksburg, West Virginia, to present a very beautiful silk flag, made by them, to their friend and your friend and my friend, a man who has labored so faithfully and so well not only during this past year but through many years before that, the National Commander of The American Legion, Louis Johnson."

As Mr. Johnson took the flag from Mr. Roosevelt and unfolded it, the crowd cheered him and applauded.

THE Legionnaires and Auxiliaries arrived in Chicago early. The Sunday before the convention opened was a day of beating drums and blaring bands as delegation after delegation marched from special trains to the hotels. The heart of downtown, the loop district, was bright with the blue and gold caps of the Legion by Sunday noon, and by night the roaring of the elevated trains encountered a competitive sound which was not to end night or day for the next ninety-six hours—the diapason of an American Legion convention crowd. That sound is like nothing else in this world. The human voice, amplified to an incredible volume, rolling and echoing for miles, provided at Chicago the Niagara-like roar against which reverberated every sort of noise which merry-making throngs can make.

As darkness fell each day the sound redoubled. It bombarded your eardrums after steady hours like the throbbing of a barrage. And against the undertone of basso profundo, you heard such

into a single melody an hour after one midnight. They sang "Sweet Adeline," and it seemed that all other noises fell away for several minutes as that song echoed in perfect harmony for miles. This armistice ended in an orgy of backfiring, and then the night went on as usual.

It is all a part of conventionnairing, and who would dim it by a single note? The memory of it lives from year to year, fondly upon recuperating eardrums, bringing longings for nights like these to come. Ask anybody who was at Chicago, if you weren't there.

Michigan Boulevard alone seemed to preserve its customary placidity during the convention. It was as if this stately thoroughfare had been set aside as a place for quiet promenading, as a place one could seek after being tossed in the hurly-burly and tumult of the principal streets stretching through the loop district. From here you could sight the colored towers of the World's Fair by day and the beauty of the World's Fair distant lights by night. You had a distant view of sky merging with the white-touched waters of the



lake, magical under sun or moon.

An American Legion trained by fourteen previous conventions to reveal in any hotel capacities for use which hotel architects and managers never anticipated found Chicago's hotels highly satisfying. Such staid caravansaries as the Palmer House, with its 2,243 guest rooms, its marble and gold lobbies, its magnificent ball-rooms, discovered that conventioning Legionnaires do not sleep. Floor clerks, who usually go off duty at midnight, were on the job until dawn. Main lobbies, stripped (Continued on page 44)



things as the bang of miniature cannon, the shriek of sirens, the screaming of whistles, the squawking of horns, the clangor of cowbells dragged along sidewalks at the end of strings. You heard, too, bugle calls, bursts of band music and the steady drub-drub-drub of countless drummers.

Above all, you heard the backfiring of automobiles. The Detroit convention first introduced to the Legion the art of backfiring, by which a peaceable taxicab or schoolboy's flivver becomes as neighborly as a machine gun. No hotel room in Chicago was high enough to be a refuge against the tireless contestants in the backfiring's contest which ran from every midnight to every dawn.

A memorable moment came when the crowds in Wabash Avenue and State Street, in Monroe and Adams Streets, seemed to burst spontaneously



Ninety new Chevrolets and other cars, donated by General Motors, take aboard disabled men at Hines Hospital for the convention parade

IN STEP *with* the LEGION

by
John J. Noll

The Auxiliary Crowns a Year
of Distinguished Service
With an Epochal Convention

PRESIDED over by a woman whose directing ability, tact, graciousness and charm were qualities urgently required during the critical year through which the country had just passed, The American Legion Auxiliary took stock of its accomplishments and drew up general orders for the successful continuance of its service in its Thirteenth Annual National Convention held in Chicago during the first week of October. Kentucky gave this woman to head the Auxiliary during the year of 1933, and the Auxiliary's 683 delegates, including every living Past National President, in convention assembled expressed their love for their leader, Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, and their joy in the privilege of having had the honor of her leadership.

Attended by her own official music, the Drum and Bugle Corps of Man o' War Post of Lexington, an organization whose authentic jockey uniforms were representative of and presented by the owners of noted racing stables of the Blue Grass of Kentucky, Mrs. Blackburn, as National President, led the processional of national officers and distinguished guests which formally opened the Auxiliary's sessions in the historic and beautiful Auditorium Theater on Monday afternoon, October 2d. To the strains of "My Old Kentucky Home," the procession, resplendent with the national colors and the official banners of the fifty-two Department organizations of the Auxiliary, borne by a battalion of the prettiest white-clad pages ever assembled, moved to the stage. The grouping of the Stars and Stripes and the white and gold banners, the advance of the official colors of the National President, the invocation by the National Chaplain, Mrs. J. J. Doyle of Ohio, the pledge to the Flag, directed by Mrs. William H. Cudworth of Wisconsin, the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by Miss Alice Mock, provided a stirring



Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., of Philadelphia, the unanimous choice of the Auxiliary for National President



pageant of patriotism—the keynote of the three sessions.

Before convening for its own deliberations, the Auxiliary had joined with the Legion in its opening session when the President of the United States met the enthusiastic greeting of the thousands assembled in the Chicago Stadium. There, speaking for her 360,000 members, Mrs. Blackburn reaffirmed the Auxiliary's loyalty to the Legion and its program for the disabled veteran. Truly in step with the Legion, marching shoulder to shoulder with its men, in such paramourntly feminine activities as the care of children and destitute families, it might even claim to be a few paces ahead.

Because of the President's presence in Chicago, greetings from the Mayor of Chicago, the Governor of Illinois and other dignitaries were temporarily postponed, but a hearty welcome was extended by Mrs. Melville Muckleston, Department President of Illinois, Joseph F. Novotny, President of the Convention Cor-



Literally keeping step with the Legion in its annual parade, a score or more of glee clubs, drum corps, drill teams and bands composed of Auxiliares added the feminine touch. Here is the corps of Nebraska City, Nebraska

poration, who presented Mrs. Blackburn with a gold convention badge, and Department Commander James P. Ringley of Illinois. An enthusiastic reception was accorded Mrs. Glenn Suthers, chairman of the Auxiliary national convention, and her large staff of vice-chairmen whose long efforts to the last detail had made the convention an unqualified success. Lieutenant General Harry Rene Lee, Commanding Officer of the United Confederate Veterans, brought the greetings of his organization.

While Mrs. Roland B. Howell, Vice President for the Southern Division, occupied the chair, the National President rendered the report of her year's service. Generously bestowing much of the credit for the success of her work on the national and department and unit officers, on the chairmen and members of her committees, she indicated the evergrowing scope of the Auxiliary's program in this statement: "We have been an Auxiliary not only to The American Legion but we have been an Auxiliary to every disabled ex-service man of the World War, to the children of those men who made the supreme sacrifice in the days of '17 and '18, and to the widows of the disabled and the orphans of the disabled."

Referring to the economic distress of the

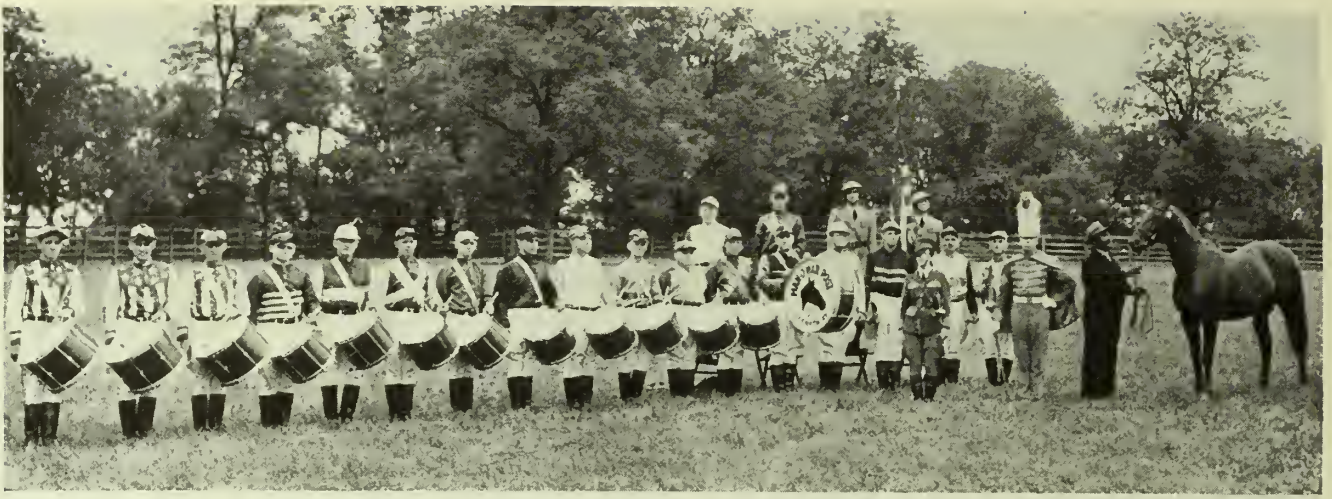
country, she said, "In each of the 8,000 communities where we have a unit, the members of The American Legion Auxiliary have been helping other welfare organizations hold the front lines against hunger and despair . . . Trained by long years of work for the welfare of the disabled veterans and their families, the members have found themselves in a position to take the leadership in community welfare work." She aptly described the Auxiliary as "no longer a young, untried organization laying foundations for great things ahead but a thoughtful, matured group of women gathered to strike forward courageously against

the need and suffering invading each State in the Union."

As an addition to her formal report, Mrs. Blackburn submitted the following recommendations which received the unanimous approval of the convention: That the woman elected as American Vice President of the Fidac Auxiliary be appointed as the National Chairman of Fidac; that the work of the Education of War Orphans Committee be placed under the direction of the Child Welfare Committee and one member of the standing Child Welfare Committee be given supervision of the war orphans' educational program; that any article submitted



The Divisional Vice Presidents for 1934: Standing, from left, Mrs. O. W. Hahn of Nebraska; Miss Anna Manion of Massachusetts; Mrs. Charles Miller of Arkansas; seated, Mrs. Elizabeth Drendell of California, and Mrs. J. F. Duffendack of Missouri



In colorful jockey uniforms, the Drum and Bugle Corps of Man o' War Post of Lexington lines up deep in the Blue Grass with Man o' War himself. The corps was the official music of National President Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn of Kentucky, left

for probable use in the National Bulletin of the Auxiliary must have the approval of the Department President of the State in which it originates and must be transmitted through the Department Secretary; that the Trophies, Awards and Emblem

Committee be absorbed by the National Community Service and Unit Activities Committee; that a National Defense Division of the Auxiliary be established at National Headquarters under direction of the National Defense and Americanism Committees for the purpose of assembling and publishing material combating un-American and pacifistic propaganda and of distributing this material to Departments upon proper request. A rising vote of appreciation and thanks followed the acceptance of Mrs.



Blackburn's report and of the subjoined recommendations.

In a message brought from the United Spanish War Veterans Auxiliary, Miss Irma Hill Vogel, Junior Vice President, stressed the fact that in addition to the social courtesies usually exchanged, her organization and the Legion Auxiliary had a joint mission to perform on behalf of the veterans whose status had been affected by the recent drastic rulings on veterans' compensation.

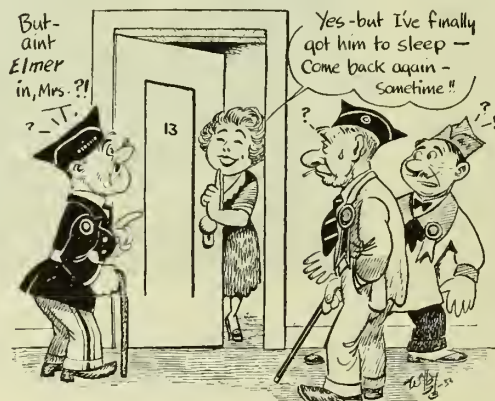
Summarizing the work of the National Headquarters and of the national standing committees, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, National Secretary, reported an almost twofold increase in the service rendered to Departments and Units without any additional expense. Mrs. MacDowell was also in a position to state that while the Auxiliary had suffered some loss in national membership, the percentage of loss was far less than that of other national women's organizations. The National Treasurer, Mrs. Cecilia Wenz, submitted her report showing a healthy condition of the national finances. These two reports, together with a comprehensive report made to the convention by Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, National Historian, were unanimously adopted. Mrs. Douglas informed the delegates that on Armistice Day, 1932,

incorporation papers for The American Legion Auxiliary were signed by the National President, the National Secretary and the National Treasurer. This action, taken under authority of the 1932 National Convention, was for the purpose of improving the legal status of the organization. Splendid department histories, in greater number than ever before, were produced during the year. Mrs. Douglas recommended that a history of the activities of the national organization should be written and published at the end of each ten years for the guidance and inspiration of those who carry the Auxiliary's work forward.

The report of the Committee on Permanent Organization, read by its Chairman, Mrs. Charles Schmidt of New York, that of the Credentials Committee, showing the authentication of 683 delegates, including national officers and Past National Presidents, submitted by Miss Blanche Scallen, and Mrs. Sidney George's report as chairman of the Committee on Rules were given prompt consideration and approved.

Messages of congratulation and assurances of co-operation came from representatives of many organizations who were presented to the convention. Miss Faustine Dennis, President of the Women's Overseas League, and Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, Past President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, both of whom played prominent parts in the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense conducted by the Auxiliary in Washington last winter, pledged continued support. Through Mrs. Elizabeth Millard, its National President, the Gold Star Mothers extended felicitations. The first National President of the Auxiliary, Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart, cheered on the Auxiliary to greater efforts. The cadet band of the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Orphans Home serenaded the convention as the official band representing John Elden, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight.

Mrs. Pat Allen, of Oregon, American Vice-President of the Fidac Auxiliary, told of the international understanding that has been strengthened through the program of Fidac which has been carried





into every community, and through the essay contest, the theme of which for the coming year is "Peace with Security."

A recommendation, approved by the delegates, was contained in the report of the Committee on Community Service and Unit Activities, presented by its chairman, Mrs. Whit Y. MacHugh. After a survey by Mrs. Grace Gilbert King of Iowa during the past year of junior memberships and junior Auxiliary units, it was decided that the Auxiliary continue its policy of one class of membership but that group meetings of juniors and special group programs be developed under chairmen selected from the adult members of the units.

The major program of the Auxiliary in those States which have not yet provided aid to World War orphans will be to urge the presentation and passage of the necessary bills, according to the accepted report of the Education of War Orphans Committee, which Mrs. George E. Parker brought before the meeting. In order to assure the proper carrying forward of this activity, it was recommended that a committee of three be appointed in each Department, for one, two and three year terms, respectively, so that women well experienced may always be available. Attention was called to the previously-approved recommendation of the National President concerning the consolidation of the work of the Education of War Orphans Committee with that of the appointed

Child Welfare Committee.

Notwithstanding the serious economic condition throughout the country, Mrs. James Morris, Chairman of the National Poppy Committee, could report that the result of the poppy sales had been highly gratifying. The manufacture of the poppies gave employment to thousands of disabled veterans in the fifty-two workshops established in hospitals and at other points and distributed more than \$72,000 in wages to the men engaged in this work who otherwise would have had no income whatever. The poppy poster contest among school children in both the lower grades and in high schools proved a great task for the judges because of the increasing number of contestants in all departments. Prizes of twenty-five dollars each were awarded to Gloria Risolia of Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, in the elementary class, and to Gordon Jones of the Jefferson High School, Portland, Oregon.

Recommendations of the National (Continued on page 56)



With natty uniforms and a marching and playing technique equal to the best of them, the Auxiliary Drum and Bugle Corps of Crookston, Minnesota, struts its stuff



Old toys for new boys and girls. Yolo Post of Woodland, California, asked in all citizens to have a look before Santa hitched up his reindeer

BUT ONCE *a* YEAR

YES, it's almost here again. And all over the country American Legion posts and Auxiliary units, just as in past years, are falling in as the holiday-season soldiers of Commander-in-Chief Santa Claus. They are marking big pine trees and cedars on a thousand hillsides, so that on Christmas Eve American Legion community Christmas trees may glow on a thousand Main Streets or in auditoriums or post clubhouses. They are calling forth from the attics and basements and garages in thousands of towns the Christmas toys of other years which will be made to live again, in new paint and gorgeous trimmings, so that no boys and girls shall go through a toyless Christmas a month from now. They are conducting food-gathering campaigns, so that they may once more spread Legion Christmas dinners for needy children and grown-ups and distribute Legion-filled Christmas baskets in homes which have been saddened by the depression.

This should be a happier Christmas than last year. The sky is growing brighter after the storm. This year the country may let itself go in an old-fashioned celebration, confident that its hopes are not made of tinsel, nor its cheer of the stuff of rainbows.

On this page appears a photograph which shows how Yolo Post and its Auxiliary unit in Woodland, California, made last

Christmas memorable. The picture shows all the rebuilt and repainted toys which the Legionnaires and Auxiliaries assembled for the children of families which otherwise might not have known a cheerful day. All the citizens of the town were invited to come to the Legion clubhouse to inspect the display. They came and were amazed. Earlier, the same toys had lain in attics, gathering dust, many of them dull and scarred, with battered wheels and crumpled bodies. Dolls had come forth from attics with soiled and torn clothing. Now, everything was bright and new. The Woodland fire department had worked weeks with saws and hammers and lathes, with paintbrushes, to make them so. The Auxiliary had provided new dresses for the dolls.

Six trucks carried the post's Santa Claus detail on its Christmas Eve rounds. The Legionnaires bore the toys to 381 children in 125 homes. Boy Scouts, who had helped collect the toys, helped also to distribute them.

We have been saving since last December reports of other Legion Christmas efforts.

In Arizona, the Auxiliary Unit of Morgan-McDermott Post of Tucson made Christmas happy for children, from many States, whose fathers were fighting against tuberculosis. In Connecticut, Eddy Glover Post of New Britain operated Santa's Toy Shop

and reconditioned 2,000 toys. In the District of Columbia, James Reese Europe Post and its unit had a Christmas tree party for colored children in a high school building. In Indiana, 400 school children got gifts under the Community Tree of Clarence R. White Post in Elnora. In Illinois, 124th Field Artillery Post of East St. Louis organized a Buck Club; each member paid a dollar into the fund for candy and nuts. Churches, schools, civic clubs, business houses and the *East St. Louis Journal* joined with the post in the collection, rehabilitation and distribution of toys of other years. Thousands of toys were reconstructed in a workshop.

In Iowa, Marshalltown Post gave a wonderful Christmas party in Memorial Coliseum, erected four years ago by the people in memory of veterans of all wars. The auditorium was jammed. The stage was set as a parlor, and stockings hung above the fireplace. As the lights were dimmed, Santa was heard outside with his sleigh and reindeer. Down the chimney he came and stepped from the fireplace. All the children marched across the stage and got stockings filled with toys and candy. Later the post distributed to homes toys which it had gathered and rebuilt. Later, also, it distributed Christmas baskets.

In Kentucky, Danville Post and its Auxiliary operated a kitchen during the holidays, served 5,000 meals in ten days, wound up with a turkey dinner for the children on New Year's Day. In Louisiana, New Orleans Police Post sent around to homes on Christmas Eve 101 baskets, each containing thirty-five kinds of food, including chickens and turkeys. In Maine, Philip Tighe Post of Biddeford entertained 300 children at Christmas dinner, using funds raised by theater benefits.

In Frederick, Maryland, Francis Scott Key Post held a Toy Collection Day on which trucks, each bearing Boy Scouts and a Legion bugler, circulated through the town. The post also invited

letters from children to Santa Claus and tried to meet gift requests. The Auxiliary baked fifty pounds of cookies. At North Adams, Massachusetts, Frank R. Stiles Post took over an empty storeroom and gradually filled it with toys it collected. The fire department renovated the toys. The Auxiliary operated a doll hospital.

Walter H. Larman Post of Clare, Michigan, stepped in when the city council announced the town was broke and couldn't provide a community tree. The post got the tree and decorated it. In Albert Lea, Minnesota, Leo Carey Post sponsored a toy donation, the town firemen renovated the toys and sixteen teams of Legionnaires each carried presents to forty children on Christmas Eve. The Happy Children Committee of Troy (New York) Post not only sponsored a redistribution of toys but also entertained 900 children at Christmas dinner.

Charles C. Weybrecht Post of Alliance, Ohio, worked two months making 1,000 new toys, to which it added hundreds of others from attics, which it rebuilt, so that it was able to present gifts to 2,600 children. At Mansfield, Ohio, McVey Post co-operated in a campaign with the *Mansfield Journal*, gathered donations of canned goods in barrels placed in grocery stores, obtained other donations from food concerns. It aided 1,500 families, distributed in baskets, among other things, 5,600 pounds of ham, 5,000 pounds of cornmeal, 500 bushels of potatoes, 6,800 cans of fruit and vegetables.

In Latrobe, Pennsylvania, 3,000 boys and girls visited the clubhouse of Thomas B. Anderson Post and each received a box of candy under the Christmas tree. Rapid City (South Dakota) Post enlisted the manual training class of its town's high school in making new toys and repairing old ones. In Perryton, Texas, Pierce Johnson Post kept open at all hours during the holidays a supply depot, outfitted needy families with clothing and gave



A 120-foot Corinthian column, the highest ever erected, and priceless boxwood hedges, feature the Bronx County World War Memorial in New York City

them food. So the reports go. Each one contains an idea which other posts may borrow for Christmas this year.

Stone, Bronze and Boxwood

A 120-foot Corinthian column representing a sacrificial altar and surmounted by a sixteen-foot bronze figure of Winged Victory was dedicated in Pelham Bay Park of New York City this autumn as a memorial to the 947 men of Bronx County who gave their lives in the World War. The shaft is the highest Corinthian column ever erected. In its own massive simplicity and its setting of beautifully-landscaped trees and boxwood hedges, the memorial is one of the nation's most impressive reminders of the war which ended fifteen years ago. The architect of both shaft and garden is John J. Sheridan, Past Commander of United Bronx Post.

Thousands of New York Legionnaires, headed by Department Commander Robert E. Minnich, took part in the dedication. Airplanes dropped flowers during the ceremonies. Forty-eight carrier pigeons were released with messages to all the States while 947 doves symbolizing the dead circled above the crowd.

Forty carloads of boxwood, comprising 750 feet of hedge, were used in the landscaping of the memorial grove which will include also 947 trees, each commemorative of a man who died. Much of the boxwood was brought from Virginia where it had grown since it was planted originally 200 years ago by the Cavaliers.

The Legion in Detroit

DETROIT gave to the country in September an example of public confidence in The American Legion, when the Ford Motor Car Company selected the Wayne County organization of the Legion as the medium through which it would provide 5,000 World War veterans with jobs in the Ford plants and pay to them a half million dollars a month in new wages.

County Commander Rex Humphrey and a large staff of Legion volunteer workers conducted in the American Legion Memorial Home the great task of interviewing the large number of men who responded to the announcement of the Ford Company's offer. At the start, one thousand men were interviewed daily and additions to the payroll were made at the rate of 300 men a day.

When "agents provocateurs" of radical organizations mingled with the applicants, circulating the rumor that jobs were being given only to Legionnaires and that the only way to get a job was to pay for a membership in the Legion, the Legion met the



When the canker worm threatened death to the elms and maples of its city, Scarsdale (New York) Post conducted a city-wide tree-banding campaign

issue by suspending temporarily the acceptance of Legion memberships. Later, it became necessary to suspend examinations of applicants because men were being sent to the Ford plants faster than they could be absorbed, and the County Council announced that when examinations were resumed the selections would be made by methods which would guarantee fair play.

From Detroit comes announcement of another American Legion forward step. "On October 14th Detroit opened what I will wager is the finest Legion club in America," writes Jack R. C. Cann, editor of the *Legion News*. "It is in the heart of the downtown section. The former Elks Temple, we have completely refurnished it. Five floors, with all entertainment facilities from dugout bar on the bottom to six bowling alleys at the top, and all devoted solely to the Legion. Our word to everybody is: Drop in and see us some time."

Keeping Scarsdale Green

OAKS and elms and maples line the winding roads of Scarsdale, New York, and stand thick among the hillside homes of this suburban town in Westchester County a half hour's ride from New York City. When tree experts reported that the canker



worm was threatening to kill most of the trees of the town and county, Scarsdale Post published illustrated handbills telling all about the worm and its habits and informing citizens of the one sure way of defeating this enemy to civic beauty.

Under Post Commander Russell U. Barton, post details helped train Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts in the banding of trees. Bands prevent female canker worms from crawling up the trunks of trees in winter to lay their eggs on the bark. The worms which hatch from these eggs destroy foliage in spring and summer and, if unchecked, cause trees to die of asphyxiation.

Friendly Help

PROMINENT among the colorful features of the Chicago convention were ninety brand-new official automobiles, all painted in Legion blue, with gold striping and wheels, and all bearing the emblazoned emblem of the Legion on doors. These cars—fifty Chevrolets, fifteen Pontiacs, ten Oldsmobiles, nine Buicks and six LaSalles—were supplied to the Chicago convention committee without charge by General Motors through arrangements made by Phil W. Collins, executive vice president of the committee.

Donation of the cars created one hundred temporary jobs for unemployed Chicago Legionnaires. General Motors hired only Legionnaires who were out of work to drive the cars, and by staggering hours the 100 drivers were given approximately five full days of employment. Among other uses, the cars provided transportation for 275 disabled men, patients

Milwaukee, makers of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer, supplied to the convention committee 7,500 circus-sized posters depicting a Legion bugler and bearing the legend "On to Chicago." These were displayed on billboards all over the country. The same concern dedicated to the Legion a radio broadcast from its World's Fair Casino.

The L. C. Smith and Corona Typewriter Company loaned 100 typewriters for ten months. The Shaw-Walker Company provided a large number of desks for the same period. The A. B.

Dick Company supplied a mimeograph and the Burroughs Adding Machine Company an adding machine.

National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System during many months contributed free radio time to the convention committee and more than twenty-five national radio advertisers included convention announcements in their programs.

Most Unusual Funeral

THE most unusual American Legion funeral ever held, in the words of Post Chaplain James H. Bishop, is reported by Walter L. Fox Post of Dover, Delaware. It was a funeral with two services, one conducted from a

squadron of airplanes and the other from a point of land in the midst of a marsh bordering on the waters of the Delaware River. These two services honored the memory of a Legionnaire who had fallen with his plane into the quagmire. The body of the pilot and the entire airplane had disappeared from sight in the



Legionnaires in Hawaii helped raise funds for the United Veterans Relief Council by sponsoring at Schofield Barracks the largest benefit baseball game ever seen on the Islands

in Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital, from the hospital to Soldier Field on the day of the parade.

Other business concerns made notable contributions to the success of the convention. The Premier Pabst Company of

marsh, and all efforts to recover the body had been hopeless.

The vanished aviator was Legionnaire Harold E. McMahon, 35, transport and Army Reserve Air Corps flier whose home was at Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York. (Continued on page 62)

AGROUND *in* *the* CHINA SEA

A Transport Bucking a Typhoon in the Orient Gave its Soldier Passengers as Great a Thrill as Did Submarine Dodging on the Hoboken-A. E. F. Run

NOT so long ago, a couple of readers told us of the experience they and their fellow gobs of the crew of the U. S. S. *Michigan* had when their ship met head-on with a hurricane off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, and of the damage wrought and the fatalities resulting. Now a landlubber of a dough-boy steps forward with a tale of a similar experience on the other side of the world—down under, as they say, in the China Sea. The picture alongside was sent to us by Philip C. Hoffman, Legionnaire, of 223 Columbus Place, Buffalo, New York. Want to hear his story? All right:

"Wonder what has become of the old gang that soldiered in the Philippines during the big fight?—That's what one of my fellow Legionnaires asked in the Monthly.

"That query takes me back to the time the 8th Infantry tried to outsmart a typhoon. It was back in August, 1917. I was a member of Company C, 8th Infantry, stationed at Fort William McKinley in that sunny land of betel nuts, ballerinas and bolos. The war had been going on for over four months when the War Department decided the 8th Infantry should take a hand. We got orders to embark on the old cattle-boat (transport, to you) *Thomas*.

"On August 15, 1917, after sad farewells to the señoritas, the dhobie cigarettes and the mellow square-face gin, we sailed away. The day we sailed, storm warnings were out with the news that a typhoon was headed our way. What's a typhoon when there is a war on? The ship's captain didn't like it, but orders were orders those days. We would get out of the storm area before it broke—oh yeah, but we didn't know dat ole debbil sea!



The U. S. Transport *Thomas* in drydock at Nagasaki, Japan, getting repairs after a four-day siege by a typhoon while en route from Manila to San Francisco during the month of August, 1917

"The first two days out were great, the sea as calm as the China Sea ever is. The ship was a floating Monte Carlo—black jack, stud poker, crap games and all the other devices for a soldier's pleasure. The storm forgotten—a lot of hooey—the main topic was where we were headed for. Sealed sailing orders and everyone with a different idea of our destination. Some had us going straight to France via the Mediterranean, others by way of the Panama Canal. Finally and correctly, we decided we were bound for 'Frisco.

"The third day out we hit right into the center of the worst typhoon in seventeen years. Waves that seemed a mile high tossed us around like a match-stick, smashing our wireless beyond repair. Cabins and railings were smashed; all but one life boat were washed away. After one

Hey, Skinny—lend us some o' your knits will ya? You got four or five new sets from yer Sister Susie dink cha!!?

Yup!! and I'm wearin' em too, Bo!!—every last pair of 'em!!



soldier was washed overboard and lost, we were kept below decks. We couldn't see sun, moon or stars to steer our course. On a Sunday night, after riding the storm for four days, we were awakened by a crash that threw us out of our bunks. Whole sections of bunks were ripped down, injuring several soldiers. Then the order to put on life preservers. I got mine on. Some of the boys didn't bother.

"We were grounded on a submerged coral reef, all set to be pounded to pieces. But I guess our numbers hadn't been called, for by reversing the engines we eventually got off the rocks. We had a big hole in our bow, but pumps kept us floating. The next morning the sea was calmer. Then we sighted a sailing vessel (can't recall her name), flying S. O. S. flags. Pulling close, we learned that eleven of her crew had been lost and the boat was in a sinking condition. We launched a small boat and with extra pumps and men went over to her, put on a tow line and towed her to Kei Lung, on one of the Formosa Islands, the nearest port. . . .

"AFTER taking on coal there," continues Hoffman's story, "we were able to make the port of Nagasaki, Japan, where we went into drydock for repairs. During the two weeks there, we took in the sights, drank plenty of rice beer and 'saki,' the native drink. But our troubles weren't over. On the second day, we were hauled on barges to a nearby small island for a swim. As we neared shore, several soldiers dove overboard. One lad struck a rock under water and died without regaining consciousness. A tough break, as he had a twin brother in the same company and they had been inseparable.

"Repairs finished, they flooded the drydock to float the ship. One of the gang-planks leading to the ship and loaded with watching soldiers, broke in the center, throwing the men into the water. Some excitement, but we finally fished every one out. At last we got under way and made a fast run to San Francisco, arriving on September 29, 1917, forty-three days after leaving Manila. We

had been reported in the San Francisco papers as having been lost, being out of communication with the world for four or five days.

"The 8th Infantry became a part of the 8th Division, and was the only infantry regiment of the division to reach France, arriving there just before the Armistice. It was assigned for duty at Pontanezen Barracks, Brest. I was finally discharged on September 3, 1919. I returned to my home in Buffalo, where I am a member of South Buffalo Post and still on Uncle Sam's payroll, but in the customs service. Greetings to all my buddies of Company C, 8th Infantry. I'd like to hear from them."



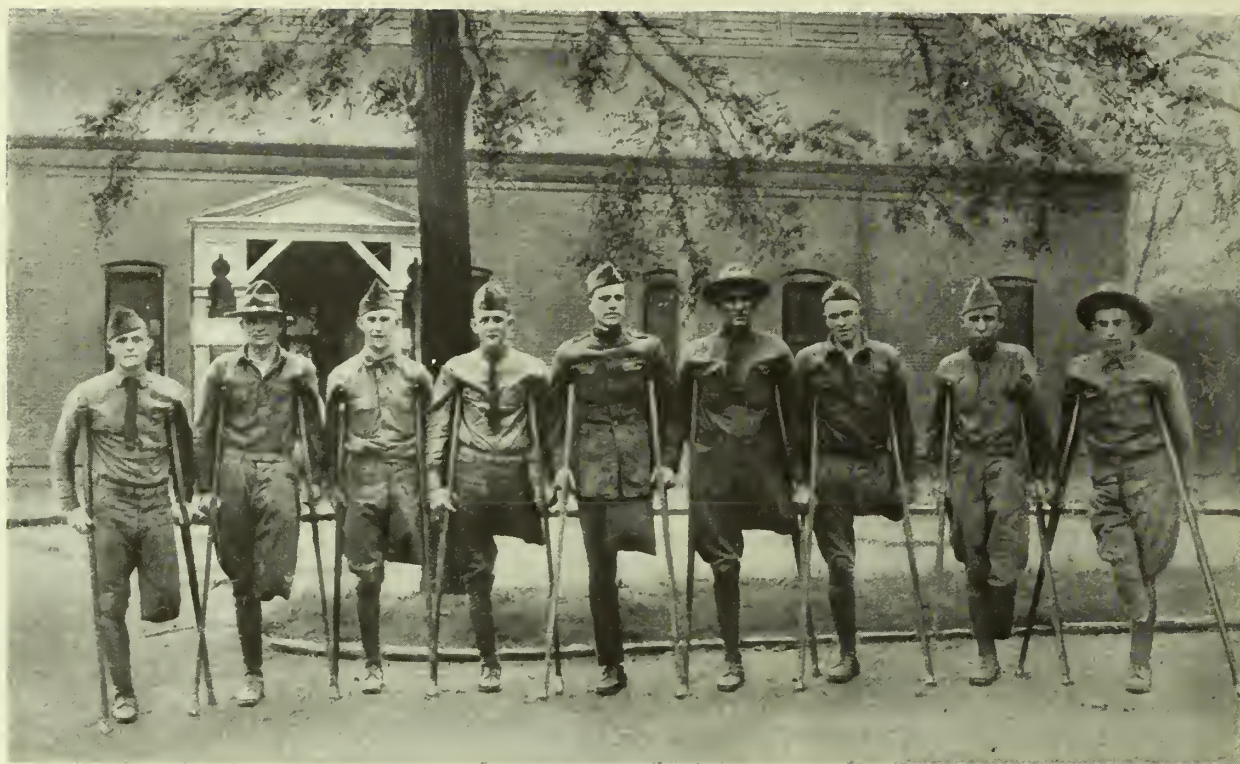
TRANSPORTATION was, as every veteran knows, one of the vital problems in conducting the war. It was not a problem only of getting soldiers and supplies to French ports, but of moving men and material from those ports to the scattered places in France where they were needed. How many know, however, that under the Transportation Department of the A. E. F., established in September, 1917, and commanded by W. W. Atterbury, now president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, five thousand miles of French railway were being used for American traffic at the time of the Armistice. Supplied quite generally with American rolling stock and manned by American soldiers, this transportation system, three thousand miles from home, was essential to the ultimate American victory.

One of the ex-Rails, Joe Tom of Des Moines, Iowa, where he may be found employed in the post office, is the man to thank for the picture of the husky American train crew pictured in these columns. Legionnaire Tom's report is this:

"How about the railway engineers of the A. E. F.? Enclosed is a picture showing one of the crews which operated the American Special, a passenger and mail train of the A. E. F., between Tours and Nevers, France. The train was manned entirely by American railroad men, except for a French conductor who acted as pilot.



American soldiers? Correct—one of the crews of Railway Engineers that manned the American Special between Tours and Nevers, France. Engineer Ellis and Fireman Tom are identified. Who were the conductor, two brakemen and mail clerk?



An argument for generous consideration of the disabled. Fred E. Leister, captain, 357th Infantry, 90th Division (center), lined up with eight enlisted men, fellow amputation cases at the hospital at Fort McPherson, Georgia, July 10, 1919. Note that all but one case are left leg amputations. Leister would like to hear from the other men in the group

"The Special left Tours every night at 6:20 o'clock—18:20 hours, according to the French method of recording time—over the Paris-Orléans Railroad to Sancerre, thence to Nevers over the Paris-Lyons-Méditerranée Railroad. From Nevers to Chaumont, G. H. Q. of the A. E. F., the train was handled by a French crew.

"Railway engineers, mostly of the 50th and 51st Regiments, stationed at St. Pierre-des-Corps, were used for this work. The train of a dozen cars was used for the movement of A. E. F. troops and supplies and made good time, although occasionally she would run hours late when the French dispatchers failed to stay awake.

"The picture I am sending was taken in Tours and the gang is posed on Engine No. 5870. This was just one of the three crews assigned to this run. In the group, from the left, are the two brakeman and mail clerk (names forgotten), myself, who was the fireman, and Engineer W. E. Ellis, now running on the Florida East Coast, out of Miami. The name of the conductor, standing in front, is also not recalled. Hope the other crews see this picture. I'd like to hear from them, especially the other firemen, C. J. Tight and Gutzmacher."

"THE picture I am submitting, which was taken at Fort McPherson, Georgia, July 10, 1919," writes Fred E. Leister of St. Petersburg, Florida, "strikes me quite forcibly just now, while noting the reductions that the Government is making on gunshot wound cases.

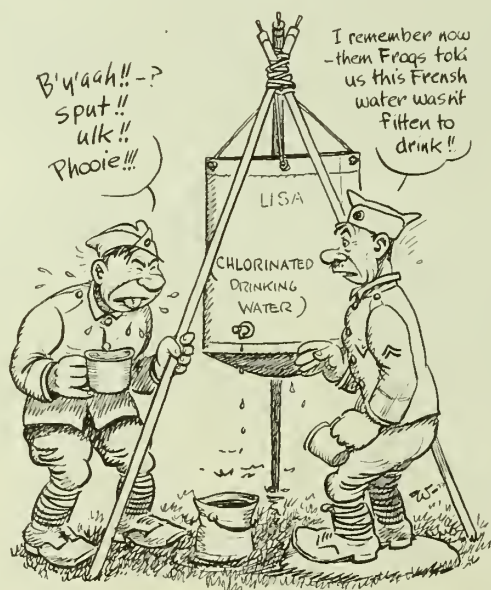
"I am the 'object' in the center, but I fail to recall who the other eight men are. I am, comparatively speaking, an 'old soldier,' having enlisted March 18, 1907, and served as a musician, private, corporal and sergeant in Company I, 26th Infantry, until March

17, 1910. A second enlistment in the same regiment saw me as a corporal, sergeant, supply sergeant and mess sergeant with service in the Philippines and in Detroit. My third enlistment put me in the 27th Infantry and I went through the Galveston storm of 1915 and, later, on special service with the Panama Canal Commission. Subsequently I was first sergeant of Company C, 34th Infantry, at El Paso, Texas, and in the Big Bend District.

"When war was declared we returned to El Paso. On November 26, 1917, as a result of attending the Second Officers' Training Camp, I was commissioned a captain and served with the 357th Infantry, 90th Division, in the St. Mihiel Offensive and in the Meuse-Argonne until the morning of November 10, 1918, when in the village of Mouzay I was hit by a high explosive shell, causing the amputation of my left leg near the hip and of two toes on my right foot.

"After treatment in Base Hospital No. 114 at Beau Dessert, I was returned home in January and selected the hospital at Fort McPherson, Georgia, as nearest to my home in Indiana. Having had voice training, after I was able to get around on crutches I did considerable singing especially in the amputation wards. After reaching Fort McPherson, I sang at the Red Cross hut and formed quite an association with enlisted men, especially those with amputations, as we often discussed our futures considering our handicap. From one of them, T. Grant Ware of Spokane, Washington, I receive a greeting card each Christmas, the anniversary of our hospitalization together in France.

"I happened along when the eight men were lined up in front of the guard house at Fort Mac to have the enclosed picture taken and they invited me to join them. I have always regretted that I didn't get their names and addresses and so hope that



they will see the picture and write to me at 7118 Burlington Avenue, N., St. Petersburg, Florida.

"A peculiar point about this group is that only one man has his right leg off and it has always been a mystery to me and to others why there are more amputations of the left leg among veterans who suffered this disability than of the right leg. Can anyone explain this?"

"My seven years' service with the Legion Rehabilitation Committee under Watson Miller, both as field representative and in the central office in Washington, makes me quite proud of the service I have been able to render to the disabled. I can assure you that in my small capacity with the Veterans Administration my efforts for the disabled still continue."

THE hundred or more Legionnaires, Auxiliaries and other readers of the Monthly who responded to the request for stamps made by Norman B. Foster, a patient in the Veterans Administration Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, will be interested in this letter we received:

"I wish you could see the stamps pouring in. Almost a hundred replies and more coming to me, each containing hundreds of stamps. The messages of good will are as welcome as the stamps. It will take me quite a while to get them all sorted and mounted, as I cannot work too long at any one time. However, they are going to afford me many, many hours of pleasant diversion."

And here's another plea which we know will not go unanswered. It is from Legionnaire Carl E. Hofer, 13 North Hartnett Street, Ferguson, Missouri:

"Having read a request for stamps by Norman B. Foster in the August Monthly, I am prompted to write to you.

"I have also been bitten by this stamp-collecting bug and also the T. B. bugs, as Foster calls them. I, too, am restricted in sources of supply of stamps and if your readers should have any duplicates, especially early United States stamps, probably they would be willing to pass them on to me. I will pass on to Foster any duplicates and he then can distribute them to other disabled buddies. I sent Foster some duplicate foreign stamps I had."

SECOND only in importance to the national convention of the Legion itself were the scores of reunions of veterans' groups in Chicago during the first week in October. The total of 104 scheduled reunions announced in the Monthly for October was augmented by many last-minute impromptu meetings. This movement of holding reunions in conjunction with the national meetings of the Legion first got well under way in Louisville in 1929 and each year has seen many additional veterans' outfits realize the benefits to be derived from the joint celebrations.

Many reports of the unqualified success of Chicago convention reunions have already been received. The first came from (Continued on page 64)

DECEMBER, 1933



WHEN he opens up that big red Christmas Humidor of Union Leader, and samples his first pipe load, be prepared for this . . . "Ummh! that's real smokin'. Must've set you back plenty! How do you do it?"

At this point don't you be

tempted! Don't tell *him* that the entire package, the full Humidor of Kentucky's richest old Burley, in special Christmas wrapping, costs less than many other tobaccos not half so good.

Keep the secret! Simply say, "It's a gift!"



UNION LEADER
THE NATIONAL SMOKE

The Greatest Show on Earth

(Continued from page 31)

of rugs and palms and furniture, were thronged all night long by gay crowds, in which you could identify by Legion cap or badge Legionnaires from every State and from every part of the world where the Legion has outposts. Bronze elevator doors slid open and shut swiftly and elevators rose and descended with no waiting moments.

The Palmer House, the Legion's headquarters hotel, housed also the headquarters suites of all the candidates for National Commander. Banners of the candidates draped the balustrades of the balconies and campaign managers went about endlessly, cultivating delegation leaders. The men reputed to carry in their pockets the votes of groups of States, came and went quietly, their passage remarked by the speculative.

The Morrison Hotel was headquarters for the New York Department and many others, and at the LaSalle were Ohio and Pennsylvania. Among the other hotels which will always be remembered by the Departments which lived in them for four days are the Sherman, the Blackstone, the Auditorium, the Fort Dearborn, the Bismarck and the Great Northern. The Auxiliary made its headquarters in the huge Stevens on Michigan Avenue, which throughout the convention maintained an air of comparative tranquillity.

FROM France and Italy came world-famous guests to pay tribute to the Legion by their presence and their greetings. Other countries too were represented on the guest lists and there were many American dignitaries.

Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of wireless, a marchese and a senator of Italy, was not Italy's only representative. From Italy also came Nicola Sansanelli, who presented the personal greetings of Premier Mussolini. He looked, in his black shirt, startlingly like the Premier himself. He was one of the leaders of the march on Rome which marked the taking over of Italian leadership by Mussolini and the veterans of the World War.

France's envoy, Count Adelbert de Chambrun, is a descendant of the Marquis de Lafayette. Count de Chambrun was born in Washington in 1872 while his father was counselor to the French Em-

bassy. He wore the horizon blue and gold dress uniform of a French general and the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor as he appeared in the Chicago Stadium, in the reviewing stand at Soldier Field and on the stage of the Civic Opera House. On the last day of the convention he stood on the platform in the glare of the photographers' lamps and pinned about the neck of National Commander Louis

of further liberalizations to be made in veterans' benefits.

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, as official soloist of the convention, was greeted affectionately in the Stadium, the Opera House and in the reviewing stand at Soldier Field. She had come to Chicago on a special train with a delegation of Legionnaires from Stevens Point, Wisconsin, the home of her son-in-law, F. A.

Hirzy, Past Vice Commander of the Wisconsin Department. National Commander Johnson introduced Madame Schumann-Heink as "the mother of the Legion" at the opening session.

All but two of the living Past National Commanders of The American Legion attended the convention. The exceptions were Alvin M. Owsley, who was in Rumania as the new American Minister, and Franklin D'Olier, vice president of the Prudential Insurance Company, who was unavoidably absent because of business affairs.



Legionnaire visitors to the World's Fair during the convention saw this exhibit—model of the Chicago plant of the Cuneo Press in which The American Legion Monthly is printed

Johnson the glittering decoration of the Legion of Honor suspended by its ribbon of scarlet.

From Canada came Francois de Martigny, of Montreal, President of the Provincial Council of the Canadian Legion.

Present for the second time on a national convention platform were the highest officers of both the G. A. R. and the United Confederate Veterans—Russell C. Martin of Los Angeles, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., and Lieutenant General Harry Rene Lee of Nashville, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the U. C. V. Present, too, Harry Woodring, Assistant Secretary of War, former Governor of Kansas and former Commander of the Kansas Department of The American Legion.

George L. Berry, President of the International Pressmen's Union, appeared as the representative of William Green, President of The American Federation of Labor. Mr. Berry is a Past National Vice Commander of the Legion and has been continuously active as a member of national committees.

General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, appeared for the eleventh year upon an American Legion convention platform. He brought a message

PROFITING by the experience of other years in which Legion conventions adopted resolutions on many subjects which could hardly be classed as of primary interest to World War veterans, the Chicago convention confined its actions rather strictly to fields which have come to be recognized as the Legion's own. The full text of resolutions adopted on these subjects of major Legion interests, including child welfare, rehabilitation, legislation, national defense, foreign relations, Americanism and problems of the Legion's internal affairs, is found in the "Summary of Proceedings" of the Chicago Convention, a 56-page booklet, copies of which have been made available to all posts. The most important of these resolutions are summarized in the remaining portion of this article.

THE Chicago convention gave to the American people proof that The American Legion is united in its advocacy of a program to restore to war veterans disabled in line of duty and their dependents most of the rights these veterans lost by the enactment of the Economy Act in March, 1933. The convention adopted without a dissenting vote the four-point program for the restoration of these rights, the program which had previously been

affirmed in a series of meetings held by the Legion's rehabilitation experts in four sections of the country under authority given by the National Executive Committee. This resolution appears in full on page 24, at the opening of this article.

By the adoption of this resolution and a companion resolution, The American Legion registered its honest difference with that portion of the policy enunciated by President Roosevelt in his Chicago address which dealt with the Government's responsibility to the disabled service man who cannot prove service connection of his disability. President Roosevelt had advanced the belief that care of such a veteran is primarily a responsibility of his local community, secondarily a responsibility for his State and that the Federal Government owes this veteran a duty only if he may not be provided for by community or State.

The companion resolution to the four-point program resolution was as follows:

"Whereas, it has always been the policy of the American people that the care of its disabled and destitute veterans is the responsibility of the Federal Government, and

"Whereas, The American Legion from its inception has subscribed to that policy and

"Whereas, the responsibility for the care of disabled and destitute veterans has now been placed upon the community and State, now therefore,

"Be it Resolved, that we, the delegates of the Fifteenth National Convention do state that it is the declaration of this convention and the policy of The American Legion that the care and treatment of war veterans is the responsibility of the Federal Government."

To make sure that the service man will not again be crucified on the cross of public opinion by unfriendly propagandists, the Chicago convention directed that the Legion shall conduct in the coming year a national radio and newspaper campaign to present to the public "the actual facts concerning relief of World War veterans and their dependents" and to disclose "the motives of the organizations and individuals who have been sponsoring untrue and adverse propaganda."

The convention by direct action and inference indorsed the course which National Commander Louis Johnson observed following the passage of the National Economy Act. In his published formal report for the year and in an address to the convention, Mr. Johnson reviewed the situation in which the Legion found itself when confronted by the unexpected enactment of the Economy Act.

Commander Johnson recalled the campaign of defamation of the service man and the Legion carried on by opposing organizations, and the honest effort which had been made by the Legion to present to Congress a study of existing veterans' legislation with a view to recommending elimination of those provisions which could not be (Continued on page 46)

DECEMBER, 1933



"IT'S THIS WAY . . . if I set the spark where it ought to be, she knocks on regular gasoline. If I retard the spark to get rid of the knock, she loses power. Either way it's bad.

"I tell my customers to use Ethyl so I can put the spark right where it belongs to get the most power. Then they get the best out of their car and there's never a sign of a knock."

Modern high compression cars are built for Ethyl Gasoline. If you are buying a new car, of course you'll use Ethyl. But if, like so many of us, you have to make your old car do a while longer—be sure that you don't lose its best performance by misadjustments that attempt to "get by" on poor gasoline. *The next best thing to a brand new car is your present car with Ethyl.* Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



NEXT TIME STOP
AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

The Greatest Show on Earth

(Continued from page 45)

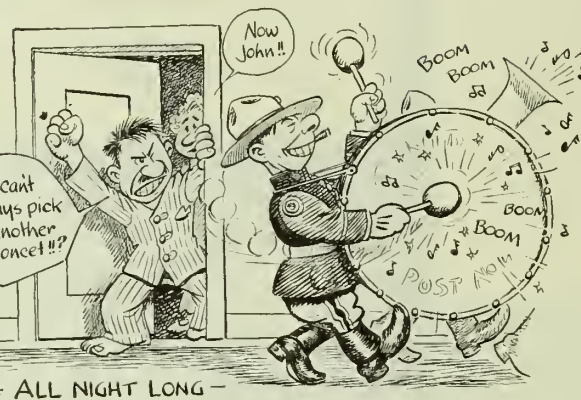
justly defended. He recalled that the passage of the Economy Act defeated the Legion's own effort to effect needed reforms in service men's laws.

By refusing to make bitter attacks upon the new Federal Administration in one of the most critical hours of the nation's history, Mr. Johnson said, by painstakingly uncovering and analyzing the effects of the new legislation, by presenting its findings to both the President and Congress, the Legion had succeeded in winning back for the disabled service man a large percentage of the benefits of which he had been deprived, had kept open the road for further modifications of the Economy Act, and had so impressed the country and the nation's press by this policy of moderation that the service man had regained his high place in public esteem.

Mr. Johnson referred to efforts which had been made to align the Legion with other veterans' organizations in a common legislative program. He said:

"My comrades, on the face of it, that sounds like a very tempting proposition. But I tell you that it is charged with more danger for The American Legion than any other proposition which has come before us. We should never agree to accept one shred of responsibility for what any other veterans' organization chooses to do. Let us continue to fly our own flag. Let us stand on our own feet—in the words of George Washington—with friendship toward all, but entangling alliances with none."

The convention adopted a series of other resolutions dealing with provisions of the Economy Act. It opposed any recentralization of Veterans Administration activities. It requested the repeal of the 90-day minimum-service clause in the Economy Act. It urged that the delimiting date prior to which marriages to World War veterans may be held valid for pension purposes be made July, 1941. It urged that the Veterans Administration be required, whenever furnishing information regarding a veteran's claim to anyone, to furnish the veteran with a copy of this information together with the name and address of the person to whom the information has been given. It advocated a review by the Veterans Administration of claims of veterans who were not in receipt of compensation prior to March 20, 1933. It requested that when a claim is denied,



the claimant be furnished with a complete brief giving the reasons for the denial. It requested an extension of the time allotted for the review of the claims of those previously granted service connection by presumption. It advocated an interest rate of five percent on loans on Government Life Insurance policies. It demanded liberalization of the provisions regarding War Risk Insurance suits and the discontinuance of awards under War Risk or converted insurance policies.

Especial emphasis was given another convention resolution, which condemned any attempt which might be made by the Veterans Administration or by anyone else to hasten the action of the Boards of Review which are judging the claims of disabled veterans in an effort to prevent injustice under the operation of the Economy Act.

THE convention registered the Legion's determination to support patriotic measures to free the country from the depression. It called upon all Departments and the 10,760 posts of the Legion to co-operate fully with the NRA in the present emergency. It called for a careful study by the Government of the dangers of inflation and recorded the Legion as in favor of a "sound American dollar."

The convention also recommended that individual Legionnaires make a study of the methods by which the revenues of the different governing bodies are raised and the ways in which these revenues are spent for various purposes. As a means of facili-

tating a fair distribution of the tax burden, the convention recommended elimination of the injustices brought about by the issuance of tax exempt securities by municipalities, counties, States and the Federal Government. The convention also endorsed the Buy American movement and urged all Departments and posts to promote it.

The Resolutions Committee, which sponsored the foregoing resolutions, also

submitted another resolution which was adopted, reaffirming the Legion's support of the American Legion Memorial Building in Paris and directing the National Commander to appoint a committee which shall co-operate with the Department of France in helping to maintain this building. It was specified, however, that no assistance be solicited within any Department without the consent of the Department.

MEETING at a time when the relations between Germany and the nations which had opposed her in the World War were approaching the most serious crisis which has arisen since that war, the Legion expressed its definite recommendations for maintaining and extending the strength of the American Army and Navy and air forces.

The Army program called for abandonment of unnecessary posts and stations and modernization of existing necessary posts and stations; urged motorization of Regular Army and National Guard; advocated uniform retirement laws for all branches; recommended abandonment of Army and Navy penal institutions and the sending of service prisoners to established federal penitentiaries, and directed that the national publicity division of the Legion conduct a campaign on national defense.

The convention expressed confidence in the soundness of the National Defense Act and repeated demands made by previous conventions that Congress appropriate adequate funds to make this act effective. It declared for a Regular Army of 14,000 officers and 165,000 men; a National Guard of 210,000 enlisted men with proportional officers; a Reserve Officers Corps of at least 120,000 officers; a Reserve Officers Training Corps in each qualified school and college desiring it; Citizens Military Training Corps for not less than 50,000 youths each year; adequate peacetime supplies and the planning for procure-



ment in time of emergencies; sufficient appropriations for the conduct of National Rifle Matches and reasonable assistance to civilian rifle clubs; the recommendations of the War Policies Commission embodying the Legion's policy on a Universal Draft Act, and the studies being made by the War and Navy Departments for the use of our manpower in the event of a major emergency.

The report declared for a Navy of London Treaty size with sufficient men to man it; immediate construction of sufficient ships to bring the American Navy up to treaty strength; immediate increase of regular enlisted Navy personnel from 79,000 to 91,400 men, to properly man our present ships and stations, with proportionate increase of officers; further increases in officer and enlisted personnel of the regular Navy to man the additional ships as they are built in bringing the Navy up to treaty strength; forty-eight drills and fifteen days of active service each year for the Naval and Marine Corps Reserve.

Adequate air defense requires, the report declared, a special investigation of the present condition of our aviation service by a committee appointed by Congress and sufficient funds to carry on the nation's work in aviation as heretofore.

The convention recommended that the Legion organize National Defense Councils in every town, patterned after those which have operated successfully in Illinois. It also directed that all posts be informed of their congressmen's vote on the questions of national defense, and that the Legion inform every United States Senator and Congressman of our program for an adequate national defense and insist upon Congress providing for it at the earliest practicable moment.

THE Chicago convention adopted a declaration against the diplomatic recognition of Soviet Russia and against the extension of any American credit or financial aid to that government, as a part of the program on Americanism which it approved. The Americanism report included vigorous opposition to "the actions and teachings of all radical pacifist societies, clergymen, college and school professors who advise and urge the youth of our country to refuse to serve our country in time of war."

Viewing with opposition the propaganda in this country favoring the Hitler government of Germany, the Americanism report included a condemnation of the formation in the United States of "groups holding their primary allegiance to foreign governments, and whose idea is to introduce into this nation intolerance and bigotry."

The Americanism program called also for Legion effort to induce federal and state authorities to take such efforts as will effectively combat crime and punish criminals. The National Commander was empowered to appoint a Law and Order Committee to make a study of the crime problem and (Continued on page 48)

DECEMBER, 1933

A Friend in the house

"It would be a hardship for me to be without a telephone. Each evening, you see, my son calls up to chat with me. That is the brightest spot in my day."

"Mother, wouldn't it be awful without a telephone? That ice cream would never have come for the party if we hadn't called up about it."

"... then Jim grabbed the telephone and called the doctor. If it hadn't been for that, I don't know what would have happened to Doris."



THERE are many fine things in life that we take almost for granted. Health, water, sunlight, green fields, loyal friends, a home to live in. . . . Not until some mischance deprives us of these priceless possessions do we learn to esteem them at their true value.

It is in much the same manner that most people regard the telephone. Each day, each week, each year, they use it freely, casually, as a matter of course.

To keep friend in constant touch

with friend, to help manage a household smoothly and efficiently, to give larger opportunity to business of every kind, to protect loved ones in time of danger . . . this is the task of the telephone.

It stands ever ready to serve you—to carry your voice to any one of millions of other telephones in this country or in foreign lands. You are in touch with everything and everybody when you have a telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



Pleasure and Profit, Yours with PA

For YOU! Quick success! Then all the big thrills of life, with your P-A Sax! Popularity; a soft job; big pay; and all so easy. Many play tunes first week; join a legion band or start your own dance orchestra in 3 months, with a free blowing, tone sure, P-A Sax', Trumpet, Trombone, or Clarinet. See your local P-A Dealer. Try an instrument. Ask about the new features, moderate prices, easy terms. Or write us for free booklet, beautifully illustrated. No obligation. Bigger opportunities in music today than ever before. Get started now.

PAN-AMERICAN 1212 Pan-American Bldg. ELKHART, INDIANA 1132

Moderate Price



POSTMASTER JOBS

Hundreds Third Class Postmaster appointments coming soon. Men—women 21 to 66, qualify for your town.

EX-SERVICE MEN GET PREFERENCE.

\$1100 to \$2300
YEAR

MAIL
COUPON
TODAY
SURE

-----COUPON-----

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. S-191, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me full particulars regarding Third Class Postmaster examinations now being held and preference to ex-service men.

Name.....

Address.....

The Greatest Show on Earth

(Continued from page 47)

devise a plan whereby the Legion, both state and national, can actively take part in activities to curb crime. Each Department was asked to appoint a committee to make a survey of the problem of crime within its own State and make a report on methods of crime prevention at the next department convention. The resolution on this subject urged that the sale of machine guns, sub-machine guns and lethal weapons be regulated and controlled, and that names of purchasers of these be registered.

Other convention actions in the Americanism program were:

Declared that education be given its proper consideration by legislative bodies and should not be made to bear a major part of the sacrifice for economy.

Instructed the National Americanism Commission to determine the best method by which The American Legion shall sponsor at the earliest possible time a national oratorical contest on a timely patriotic subject.

Directed the National Americanism Commission to make an investigation with a view to effecting changes in the manner of conducting the national Junior Baseball Program.

Urged that all posts not already sponsoring Boy Scout troops start now plans for the organization of troops.

Recommended that each post take an active part in the Legion's community service program and submit annual reports of its activities in this field.

Declared for further immigration restriction and reduction of foreign quotas to 10 percent of the quotas allowed under the 1924 law, and favoring putting of all non-quota countries whose citizens are eligible to citizenship upon a quota basis.

Demanded enactment of federal laws excluding alien communists from admission to the United States and providing for the expulsion of aliens now in the United States who engage in activities for the overthrow of our Government by force, sabotage, violence or economic warfare.

Urged enactment of adequate laws for the punishment of all persons who advocate the violent overthrow of the Government of the United States or who advocate or condone assassination or terrorism, or who are members of organizations which advocate or condone such acts.

Called for a national policy of registration and physical identification of all aliens within the United States and the "summary deportation of aliens who are directly or indirectly beholden to the Third Inter-

nationale, its successors or subsidiaries."

Insisted upon the "constitutional equality of native-born citizens to naturalized citizens, particularly as regards the obligation to bear arms and in all other matters of the individual citizen's duties to the common defense."

THE convention reaffirmed the Legion's opposition to the cancellation of any or all war debts owed to the United States by foreign nations. It also recorded again

resolutions, the Legion was pledged to support the *Fidac Review* and the Travel Bureau of Fidac.

MIAAMI, Florida, was selected as the Legion's 1934 national convention city, the time to be set by the National Executive Committee at its November meeting. David Sholtz, Legionnaire Governor of Florida, expressed the hope the Legion would visit Miami in October or November when the climate would be delightful.

No other city competed for the 1934 honor with Miami but St. Louis and Los Angeles repeated invitations for 1935. The Department of Belgium invited the Legion to come to Brussels for the 1935 convention, and the Department of Canada presented an invitation from Montreal for 1935. Atlantic City made a bid for the 1936 convention, and Paris and Rome repeated previous invitations for the 1937 convention. The Department of Maryland an-

nounced that Baltimore would ask for the national convention in an early year. The Department of Texas based an invitation for 1936 upon the fact that in this year will be celebrated the 100th anniversary of the independence of the Republic of Texas.

IN ADDITION to the legislative recommendations embodied in its rehabilitation program, the convention set up also these other legislative objectives:

To secure the passage of a bill restricting veterans' preference under Civil Service to those men who served in a campaign for which a campaign badge is issued by the Government.

Requesting the President to issue an Executive Order instructing the United States Civil Service Commission to accept military and naval training as experience in examinations.

Instructed the National Legislative Committee to work for the elimination of the payment of interest on Adjusted Service Certificate loans, both those already outstanding and those which may be obtained hereafter.

Calling for mandatory issuance of flags for all veterans' funerals, the flags to be returned to the proper governmental agency if not claimed by relatives of decedents.

Asking for legislation to prevent the admission of non-veteran members of the Civilian Conservation Corps to veterans' hospitals, since beds are urgently needed



On the largest billboards everywhere in the United States were displayed 7,500 Chicago convention posters donated by the Premier Pabst Company of Milwaukee

the Legion's opposition to the entry of the United States into the League of Nations or its adherence, with or without reservations, to the World Court.

By adopting this report the convention also recommended that each Department establish in the new year a committee on foreign relations which shall develop in its State the Legion's national foreign relations program. It recommended also that each Department present to the public the Legion's program for the promotion of harmonious relations among all peoples. In these efforts will be employed the study program prepared annually by the Legion's National Committee on World Peace and Foreign Relations, a copy of which is to be distributed to each post early in the new year.

The convention affirmed the Legion's support of ten resolutions adopted by Fidac at its 1933 congress held in Morocco. One of these resolutions calls for consideration in 1934 of the best means of organizing a permanent and still closer collaboration with service men's organizations of ex-enemy countries. Another resolution directs the preparation of a study of the laws and decrees in each country relating to World War veterans. A third resolution recommends the extension of the Fidac Educational Medal plan, under which awards were made in 1933 to the University of Minnesota, the University of Delaware and Stanford University in California for their effective contributions to the study of foreign relations. In other

for veterans of the World War with service-connected disabilities.

Calling for the employment only of United States citizens in the Post Office Department.

THE convention adopted thirty-eight resolutions on the subject of child welfare. The program outlined in this report urges the use of at least half of the income from the National American Legion Endowment Fund for child welfare purposes, and that, as in the past, at least \$10,000 be allocated from other than Endowment Fund income to the National Headquarters administrative expenses of the Child Welfare Division.

The Departments were urged to continue and extend the surveys they are now making for the purpose of locating needy children of veterans and bringing to their aid such services and such assistance as are necessary. Departments were also urged to procure ratification of the Child Labor amendment in States which have not already ratified it.

The convention reiterated its support of the "Minimum Program" for child welfare legislation which had been adopted at earlier national conventions and submitted to all Departments with the request that efforts be made to bring about the enactment in each State of the provisions in this program. In line with other actions, the convention adopted this resolution:

"That the National Child Welfare Committee be urged to secure the greatest amount of funds possible from the National Finance Committee for emergency aid to children in the 1934 national child welfare budget, because it is apparent that the coming year will bring greater demands upon the resources of the National Child Welfare Division due to the changes by elimination and the reductions of federal aid to veterans and their dependents; and it is also recognized that local and state resources for family welfare and child welfare are reduced, and in some instances exhausted, due to the increased demands upon such resources, and also because of so-called economy programs."

The convention took these actions also:

Recommended that the Legion's National Committee on the Education of War Orphans continue its work, and that further study be given to the important question of scholarships and educational facilities for needy and ambitious children of World War veterans who are not eligible to federal aid provided by the World War Orphans' Act.

Urged that the Legion's national committee and department committees strive to effect reforms in the provisions for the administration of justice to juvenile offenders in those States in which existing facilities are below acceptable standards.

Urged that steps be taken to prevent exploitation of children by objectionable employment methods in industrial homes, and that NRA codes be invoked to end this exploitation.

Called for continuance of the splendid

co-operation by the Child Welfare Committee of The American Legion Auxiliary, particularly in the use of the uniform report form by which it was shown in 1933 that a grand total of 182,194 children were helped in this year at an expenditure of \$724,537 by the Departments, posts and Auxiliary units.

THE convention, by adopting the report of its Internal Organization Committee, defined eligibility requirements of the Sons of The American Legion. It specified members may be "male descendants, adopted sons and stepsons of members of the Legion and such descendants of veterans who died in service during the World War or who died subsequent to the honorable discharge." Annual dues were fixed at twenty-five cents.

The Legion's official recognition was extended to the National Organization of American Legion Nurses, a society which requires that its own members be also members of The American Legion.

Under convention action, the National Commander will appoint a special committee to supervise and conduct contests of all musical organizations at national conventions. Musical organizations were authorized to provide for their members a special insignia consisting of the official Legion emblem with a lyre as an appendage, in the manner of the familiar tab of the Forty and Eight.

The convention approved the revision of the Legion's Manual of Ceremonies which has been effected by a special committee. It also indorsed several proposed amendments to the Preamble to the Legion's National Constitution, one calling for the elimination of the term "a one hundred percent Americanism" and the substitution of the words "a spirit of Americanism." It instructed that a resolution to make this change effective be brought before the next national convention.

THE four hundred drum corps and the 140 bands which marched in the Chicago convention parade and took part in the convention contests reflected a magnificent advance which the Legion's musical organizations have made in 1933 in uniforming, in drilling and in the quality of their music. Each new national convention widens the circle of Legionnaires who appreciate the triumphs of the bands and drum corps, and introduces to hundreds of thousands of citizens outside the Legion a sartorial and musical excellence which they had never dreamed existed. Time after time, as the bands and drum corps marched around the horse-shoe track at Soldier Field, the vast crowd stood up and applauded, thrilled by the rhythm of footsteps, stirred by the melody, startled into admiration by a new combination of colors and fabrics in uniforms and headgear.

This year as never before the drum corps competed with bands in the variety of their music. Once upon a time the drum corps played a few favorite marches, restricted by the limitations (Continued on page 50)



THE Shootin'est Shell of All!

When your hound hits the trail and old cottontail starts on his way, back up your aim with the shell that gets the game....

Western Xpert is a hard-hitting, quality load that sells at a moderate price. Unequaled for quail, doves, rabbits and all other upland game.

Xpert is loaded with the patented Western Seal-Tite Composition Wad, the moisture-proof wad that really seals the gun bore. Keeps the hot powder blast from melting some of the shot pellets. That's what causes "blown" shot patterns and often a missed bird or rabbit. Let us tell you more about Western shells. Mail the Coupon for free leaflets and a new booklet on shotgun shooting, "How To Hit 'em".

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
1268 Adams St., East Alton, Ill.

Western Xpert

THE SHELL THAT GETS THE GAME

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY,
1268 Adams St., East Alton, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without charge, send your Xpert leaflets and the new booklet on shotgun shooting, "How To Hit 'em".

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....State.....



The Greatest Show on Earth

(Continued from page 49)

of bugle construction. A year ago the musical contest rules were modified to permit the use of a special type of bugle or trumpet which extends greatly the range of playing notes. The convention crowd tingled as the drum and bugle corps marched past playing such melodies as "Onward Christian Soldiers," "There's a Long, Long Trail," and "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

Wisconsin and Illinois have long been noted for the number and excellence of their bands and drum corps, and their outfits were all in Chicago. Surprisingly enough, however, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, coming greater distances, displayed to the parade crowd an amazing number of bands and corps. When Massachusetts passed by, it seemed that almost every post in that great State had a drum corps in the parade.

A Massachusetts outfit, the drum corps of H. F. Akroyd Post of Marlboro, won the drum and bugle corps contest. Elyria (Ohio) Post was second, Lafayette Post of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, was third, and Hamon Gray Post of LaPorte, Indiana, was fourth.

Blatz Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, won first place in the national band contest. Monahan Post of Sioux City, Iowa, was second, Fort Wayne (Indiana) Post was third, and Edwin Denby Post of Detroit, Michigan, was fourth.

The drum major contest was won by A. W. Holmes of Tarentum, Pennsylvania, with F. Churchley of Beverly, Massachusetts, second, and W. DeWeese of Lima, Ohio, third. The winner of the snare drumming contest was Malcolm Berlach of Crafton, Pennsylvania, second place was won by J. S. Whitelaw of Miami, Florida, and third by Jay Walker

of Glendale, California. In the bugle contest, Walter R. Buehler of Norwood, Ohio, was first, Ray Rausch of Evansville, Indiana, was second, and Louis Phillips of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was third.

East Lynn (Massachusetts) Post won first place in the drill team contest, and second place was earned by Troop I Post of Buffalo, New York.

A CREDITABLE record of service to the Legion throughout a trying year was noted by the Forty and Eight in its annual convention, whose sessions were held at the Medinah Athletic Club. As a curtain raiser for the great Legion parade, the Forty and Eight procession on Monday night drew thousands of people to Michigan Boulevard. They saw La Société's box cars, locomotives and floats with plenty of red fire and clanging of bells, in a parade of a mile and a half along the great thoroughfare. On a later occasion the boxcar ensemble visited the World's Fair and entertained its visitors with their stunts.

Reports to the Forty and Eight convention stressed the co-operation which La Société had accorded the Legion, the boxcar society having secured upward of 50,000 members for the parent organization in the previous twelve-month period, while continuing its support of the Legion's child welfare and other work.

As its Chef de Chemin de Fer for the coming year, succeeding John A. Elden of Ohio, the convention chose Sam R. Heller of Norfolk, Virginia, who had been a sous chef during 1933. Other officers were chosen as follows:

Sous Chefs de Chemin de Fer, Chet J. Mello, Stockton, California; Henry W. Plate, New York City; Emil F. Schaal, New

Britain, Connecticut; Fred M. Fuecker, Seattle, Washington; A. R. Vegaleus, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Ed. J. Boschult, Lincoln, Nebraska; Commissaire Intendant National, N. Carl Nielsen, Gig Harbor, Washington.

Correspondant National, Charles W. Ardery, Indianapolis, Indiana; Avocat National, W. L. Doolan, Jr., Louisville, Kentucky; Conducteur National, E. D. Keefer, Miami Beach, Florida; Gardes de la Porte Nationaux, A. Vernon Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio; Pierre Ladoux, Shreveport, Louisiana; Historien National, Paul J. McGahan, Washington, D. C.; Aumonier National, Richard E. Evans, Wahpatosi, Wisconsin; Drapeau National, Monty "Buck" Nelson, White Lake, South Dakota.

THE printed story is ended. Snow will be flying over much of the country when it is read. What the printed page can tell is but the shadow of the story of Chicago which 150,000 Legionnaires have carried back home in hearts and minds, to retell as winter closes in. It is a story being told in ten thousand posts to keep alive the memory of last October until the Legion's hosts fall in again in 1934 to move upon Miami.

Meanwhile, the country over, from land's end at West Quoddy Head in Maine to land's end at Cape Alava in Washington, there will have been heard an echo from Chicago. It is not concerned with national defense nor the immigration problem. It does not deal with inflation, the sound American dollar nor the Buy Now Campaign. It has no relation to the high cost of crime nor the recognition of Soviet Russia. It resounds, though, over and over, and the answer is yet to be found. "Where's Elmer?"

T. N. T.

(Continued from page 9)

Upstairs, feet moved restlessly, voices lifted.

T.N.T. was almost jovial as he opened his field desk. All night he worked. Private Pickens lay awake a long time. It was coming at last. In another month they'd be on the front, where there'd be a chance.

In the morning the order came through. The regiment was to entrain at once for Chillicothe, Ohio. Eastward, yes. But only to Camp Sherman. Just a change of stations, that was all.

The members of M Company settled unhappily into barracks exactly like the ones they had left at Camp Zachary Taylor. They commenced the same routine just where they had discontinued it in Kentucky. T. N. T. became still harder, if anything.

The weather turned hot. Hotter than they had ever known in Kentucky. Baked air hung motionless in the pocket of the Scioto valley. At five in the morning Reveille set the pigeons about the community house to flapping. At six the companies marched out under full packs.

It was four miles to the range. Four parched, dusty miles under summer sun. All day the companies fired by platoons. They were beginning to hang up records. Ex-Sergeant Pickens scored a perfect at a hundred yards slow fire . . . at two hundred, at three hundred. Each time he brought the rifle down from his shoulder the marker in the pit blotted out the black center of his target with the round white disk. The men nodded to one another. He wouldn't miss when the time came . . . good old

Pickens . . . he'd even the score once they got to the front.

Three days they fired. The fourth morning broke hotter than ever. Colonel Bishop had ordered the new soup kitchens to the range. Hot coffee, soup, boiled beef . . . poor food for hot days, but the new cooks needed practice with the kitchen.

Colonel Bishop arrived unexpectedly in his motorcycle. The men not on the firing line were sprawled on the hot ground, their eyes shut. Flies crawled over their faces. They were too tired to brush them off.

The colonel did not take the trouble to get out of the basket of the side car. "Captain Townsend," he called, "how many more men to fire?"

"Five squads, sir," T.N.T. answered.

"We'll not finish today," the colonel de-

cided. "Present my compliments to the other company commanders and tell them to form their organizations and return to camp at once. Telephone the pits. Order the buglers to sound cease firing. An inspecting party from Washington will be in camp this afternoon. Start in as quick as you can."

"It's pretty hot to march right now, sir," T.N.T. said. "Be a little cooler, later on." Sweat was rolling down his face. He took off his campaign hat and wiped his forehead.

"You heard me?" the colonel snapped. "Yes, sir," T.N.T. started down the line, giving the order quietly.

In less than ten minutes, company commanders were demanding that their men fall into line. Soldiers struggled with their ninety-pound packs.

"Kill us before we get across," Pickens objected. It was his first open complaint in weeks. "Full packs, ninety in the shade and no shade."

T.N.T. heard him. The captain's shoulders drooped noticeably. He rubbed his face with an olive drab sleeve and blew his whistle. "Fall in." He did not look at Pickens.

Lieutenants were urging their platoons forward. A man in the third squad complained that he was sick, without rising from the ground. His lieutenant ordered him to stand up.

"Have to get into line," he said. "I'll take your gun."

Dust stirred as the first company reached the road. There was no wind. The second company kicked up more dust. It hung like a somber brown cloud about the heads of the hot, shuffling men.

"Lift your feet there!" a sergeant called hoarsely.

M Company was ready. "Forward . . . route step . . . ho!"

T.N.T. watched them move off. He shifted his own pack, stuck a thumb under the left shoulder strap.

"Keep closed up," he bade, "and lift your feet."

He dropped back, midway down the column, leaving his senior first lieutenant at the right guide.

"Someone back here say he was sick?" T.N.T. demanded. Then: "You? All right. Give me your pack, soldier. Step out of ranks. Take it off. Don't sit down, you'd never get up! Get on now. Sergeant, help me swing this pack to my shoulder."

The sick man staggered on. Soldiers muttered. Weren't there any ambulances in this army? The dust swirled. Colonel Bishop, sitting beside the road in the basket of the motorcycle, lighted a cigarette.

No one else was smoking.

There were three companies ahead of T.N.T. Before the first quarter mile was covered he saw men dropping out. Not from M Company, thank God! From the companies up forward. They fell into the ditch beside the dusty road and lay there, panting. One asked for water as T.N.T. passed.

"Water'd kill you now," he refused.

The motorcycle sputtered arrogantly. It halted once more a hundred yards in front of the head of the column. Colonel Bishop shouted to the commander of the leading company. "Keep those men closed up!" The rear end of the column double timed, closing the distance.

T.N.T. looked at his wrist watch. They had been on the way twenty minutes. The regulation march is fifty minutes, with ten minutes' rest at the end of it. He wiped his face on his sleeve. Twenty minutes. And four miles to camp. Over in the line of file closers, he saw the fat little company bugler sprawl forward. T.N.T. dipped his hand into ranks and pulled him to his feet.

"Best keep going," he ordered. "Lieutenant, take his pack." He saw another soldier sway.

"Give me your gun," T.N.T. demanded. He called back: "Officers, carry any pieces too heavy for the men. I'm taking the company in. All of it. No one falls out."

His voice was decisive. M Company recognized its finality. Men muttered again. There was a commotion in the second squad. Running forward, with two packs and a rifle, T.N.T. made out Pickens on his hands and knees. The ex-sergeant was sick.

"Get up," T.N.T. bade. He hauled at the pack straps. "Up, you. Give me your pack."

"I won't," Pickens refused. "You got two."

He staggered to his feet.

"Your pack," T.N.T. repeated.

He slid it off Pickens' back. The soldier reeled on. For once T.N.T. did not mention the militia.

Again the colonel spurted ahead, stirring up more dust. If more dust could be stirred. Now he halted. He was still smoking his cigarette.

With the colonel's eyes on him, T.N.T. looked at his watch. It had been five minutes since he looked before.

"Company . . . halt! Fall out at the right. Sit still. Don't smoke. Don't drink anything."

The motorcycle sputtered. Bishop rolled up, angry.

"How long have you been marching, captain?"

"Twenty-five minutes, sir."

"Why'd you fall out?"

"To give them a rest."

He answered coolly, at attention, his heels together, stocky legs bowed out.

"Rest?" Bishop repeated scornfully. "After twenty-five minutes? What are these men, recruits or militia? The proper rest period is ten minutes after fifty. Have you forgotten that?"

"No, sir."

"Why, you're holding up the regiment! The other companies can't get by you, they're falling out too! Move on!"

"No, sir. I want to bring my company in alive."

Bishop dismounted from the basket.

"You didn't understand me, Captain. I said fall in and march." (Cont. on page 52)

"WHAT LUCK!

**You're just the man
I wanted to see!"**



At The ROOSEVELT,

meetings like this are an everyday occurrence—you do meet the men you "wanted to see."

It isn't luck—it's simply that the men and women of your world naturally stop at the Roosevelt.

They appreciate value, in hotel service as in everything else.

And the Roosevelt is New York's best value—the least expensive finer hotel.

Rooms now  from \$4.00

**The
ROOSEVELT**

Edward C. Fogg, Managing Director
Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK
A UNITED HOTEL

T. N. T.

(Continued from page 51)

T.N.T. answered: "I understood the colonel. I refuse to obey. These men are half dead. They ate a hot lunch, . . . according to regulation. They are sick, sir. Hot lunch . . . dust . . . motorcycle . . ." He looked at his watch. M Company had rested five minutes. "Fall in," he commanded. "Forward . . . route step . . . ho!"

The colonel gasped as they marched by. Pickens broke from ranks.

"Sir, if I may have my own pack?"

"Get back where you belong," T.N.T. ordered. "Close up, there. Don't straggle. M Company's going home without casualties. Can anybody start a song?"

"Pack up your troubles. . . ."

It was Pickens who led them. The motorcycle sputtered past, kicking gravel

and dust into their faces. The colonel did not look at T.N.T. Back in barracks, with every man in line, with each officer loaded with three packs, each sergeant carrying two, T.N.T. ordered the first sergeant to dismiss the company.

"Drink no water," he warned. "Wash out your mouths and spit out the water. After ten minutes, one sip."

He reported in arrest at regimental headquarters. For some reason Colonel Bishop had decided not to bring charges.

"We've got orders to start for the port of embarkation," he announced that night. "We'll be on the lines in a month. Tell your men that."

* * * * *

Back in Williamsville, Illinois, M Com-

pany was holding its reunion. The war was over. The regiment never had reached the front. The armistice had intervened, so that First Sergeant Pickens and T.N.T. must regret the fact always that M Company had no chance to show Colonel Bishop how it could go to hell and back again.

Six months after it was mustered out Sergeant Pickens suggested the reunion. It was he who made the speech when the gold watch was presented to Captain Townsend. He had composed the inscription.

It was engraved in very small, chaste letters on the back:

T.N.T.

FROM HIS GANG.

Go Ahead and Fly

(Continued from page 11)

than 3000 miles at the start, about 8000 at the end. But we can pore over ancient railroad reports and get an idea what was going on. We can gather certain evidence. And gruesome evidence it is.

For example, consultation and search at the fountainhead of early Americana—the Library of the American Antiquarian Society—failed to disclose any accurate casualty lists for the American railroads prior to 1888. The railroads themselves cannot or will not produce the figures. Their early history is a skeleton in the transportation family's closet. But one may read the reports of pioneer railroad presidents, and in such reports is evidence aplenty.

The very first railroad report I happened to examine was that of the president of the Worcester & Providence Railroad for 1843—just 90 years ago. A boastful president he was. Things had gone very smoothly on his road. It was conspicuously safe for its passengers. True, the road had been mulcted of almost \$50,000 for killing 13 passengers that year, but there had been a serious wreck. Some new fangled rails had been installed, too, so the old menace of a strap-iron rail twisting upward through the floor of a passenger coach had been eliminated. Also, the road was campaigning to discourage "trespassers." ("Trespassers" still is a popular word with railroad people to stigmatize a large class of the people who get killed on railroads.) What with the trespassers, and ride-stealers, and farmers driving their teams across the tracks, a lot of people had been killed, but only 13 of them were passengers. And this although the road had done the unprecedented business of more than 4,000,000 passenger miles! A passenger could travel more than 300,000 miles on that road without the probability of being killed!

Now this report was no exception to a general rule. Violent deaths among passengers were frequent by any modern standard of transportation. The rails curled up like so many licorice sticks, the boilers exploded, cylinder heads flew all over the landscape, bridges tumbled down. Cars ran off the track and over cliffs. Primitive couplings and brakes crippled hundreds of trainmen. The slaughter among trackwalkers and livestock was awful.

Of course the railroads improved. But they still were not very safe for passengers when first we get a clear view of their hazards. In 1887, we enacted the interstate commerce act, and a year later we began to count up the railroad casualties. At that time—most of a century after the first locomotive had been operated, more than half a century since Stephenson's Rocket had been demonstrated before the astonished eyes of the Duke of Wellington and had killed a man—at that time, railroad passengers took about the same risks that airplane passengers take today.

Since then, of course, railroad safety has improved enormously. In 1883, the railroads killed a passenger to every 50,000,000 passenger miles of operation, twenty years later the figure was 65,000,000. Last year, the passenger-mile fatality rate exceeded 600,000,000. The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, having absorbed the Providence & Worcester and practically every other road in Southern New England, did about six percent of the nation's passenger business and killed only two passengers. It won a prize, too.

But even if posterity is going to read this, I am willing to make a prediction. In another generation, aviation will be as safe as railroading.

Or would you like to compare aviation today with steam boating in its early stages?

Well, here again we have to pile up evidence, there being no exact figures. We do know, however, that if a big copper-and-tin man of Tyre wanted to send a fleet out to some savage spot like England, he'd cross off about a quarter of the fleet as sure not to return. If Rome sent a fleet out to meet the Carthaginians, the losses in a storm might exceed the losses in the battle. As to passengers, they went under a double jeopardy; crews had an unwholesome habit of blaming them for bad weather. If a storm came up, a passenger or two might be chucked overboard to appease Neptune or somebody. The story of Jonah is entirely realistic inasmuch as it deals with the attitude of sailors toward their passengers.

If all this seems inapposite in a discussion of modern transportation, it is safe to say that early steamboating wasn't safe either. In the good old days when stern-wheelers and side-wheelers were plying up and down the Mississippi, loaded with cotton and planters and slaves and gamblers, and maybe with Mark Twain at the helm, explosions and fires were common, almost habitual. And steamboating on the ocean was still more dangerous. But nobody cared very much; nobody even troubled to keep track, officially.

There were, however, unofficial observers. One of these was a man named S. A. Howland, a New Englander who brought out a book in 1840 with the gruesome title, "Steamboat Disasters and Railroad Accidents in the United States, to which Is Appended Accounts of Recent Shipwrecks, Fires at Sea, Thrilling Incidents, Etc." Mr. Howland had plenty of material—about forty steamboat wrecks during the one preceding year, and even more train wrecks than that. Also, when a steamboat was wrecked, any passenger who escaped was lucky. As to railroad wrecks, the road

was lucky if it got off with two or three passenger deaths. (Crew deaths didn't count.)

But steamboat transportation also has improved. The United States has a marine counterpart of one phase of the Interstate Commerce Commission's activities — it maintains a Steamboat Inspection Service. No longer are ocean liners permitted to go to sea without inspection. They must have their quota of lifeboats. Excursion steamers like the *General Slocum* seldom burn up in our harbors any more, killing hundreds of innocent people. During 1932, only one steamship passenger in 4,000,000 was killed.

The progress of aviation toward security has been much

more rapid than that. It was 1927 before our air lines covered any considerable mileage. That year, we operated 9000 miles of lines and killed two passengers. In 1928, on 12,000 miles of lines thirteen passengers were killed. In 1929 the Department of Commerce began to compute passenger risks in proportion to the distances traveled. There was one fatality to al-

most 900,000 passenger miles flown. The next year the record improved by about fifty percent. Then it began climbing at the rate of about a million a year. Last year it exceeded 4,000,000.

Such proportionate figures are, of course, subject to constant fluctuation. Already, aviation has suffered from fluctuation downward. Although only two passengers died during the first half of the year 1933, three were killed at one time when a transport plane struck a New Mexico mountain last August. True, the same storm caused a railroad wreck that killed 16 and injured more than 40, but the effect was less derogatory to railroad statistics as a whole than to aviation statistics. Again, in October, four airplane passengers were killed in a crash over Indiana. But for all the fact that aviation had bad luck in August and October, there still was every probability that the record for the whole year would be twice as good as the record for 1932.

No wonder air passengers no longer alarm us insurance men. Even pilots can get insured, these days. Some companies charge them as much as \$25 a thousand above the basic rates for preferred risks, but transport pilots can buy a reasonable amount of insurance and in view of their excellent mortality record, in all probability more companies will seek their business.

As to passengers, one great company, famous for insuring travelers, will sell a \$5000 (death benefit) policy to an aviation

passenger for one day for \$2. The policy pays \$25 weekly indemnity in case of accident. This rate is comparatively new; it was higher last year.

Right now, the rate for transport pilots is rather higher than the rate for many transport workers in other fields, but it's better than some rates, too. I know of one company which is glad to insure a 35-year-old transport pilot at about \$40 a thousand a year, but which doesn't want to insure sailors on steamships.

But the public doesn't seem to know all this. The older generation in particular seems skeptical about aviation. There are delusions. Several factors have built these

delusions. One factor is lack of familiarity with modern planes. Radio control, radiodirection-finding, artificial horizons, efficient altimeters and the like are undreamed of by millions of laymen. Nor do many laymen, it seems to me, appreciate how speedy the Government is, when a new safety device is invented, to require its installation on commercial planes.

In fact, there is every reason to believe that the average traveler gets most of his ideas about aviation from sensational flights. He doesn't differentiate, either, between research fliers and air pioneers, like General Balbo and Wiley Post, and the stunt fliers and publicity fliers. When he reads that some nitwit went up in an antebellum biplane and came down in flames, he assumes that the accident is characteristic of all aviation. He assumes also, no doubt, that General Balbo was just lucky.

Well, if Balbo had any luck it was bad. His flight was a sensational success because he was a good aviator, accompanied by good aviators, and all of them riding in good airplanes. What accidents his armada had happened to machines on the surface of the earth.

I have heard Wiley Post called lucky. Bah! Not to mention pooh, pish and shucks! Wiley Post spent almost eight days flying around the world. With luck, he'd have done it in less than a week. What Wiley Post was trying to do was to discard luck as an element of flying. He took along a robot pilot and a radio-direction finder—two recent inventions of the Army. Of course he took along also a heavy deck load of courage and he carried great quantities of physical stamina, but primarily, he went to test out machinery.

He was trying to determine the utility of the Army's inventions—among other things. If he could break the round-the-world record, (Continued on page 54)

Your Personal "Code" is Important

In the excitement of 1933, personal plans and ambitions may have been forgotten. Yet the larger plans of the nation can hardly succeed unless each individual carries on as usual.

If your insurance program for this year is not complete, make it so now. But a short time is left. Send the coupon as a starter.



JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.

*I'm interested in receiving information
about a complete insurance program.*

Name

Street and No.

City State

A. L. M. 12-33

TYPEWRITER only \$3 Down

Not used or rebuilt. A new Remington Portable. Carrying case free. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, it's yours for only \$3 down. Write today. Say: Tell me how I can get a new Remington Portable typewriter on 10-day free trial offer for only \$3 down. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. H-Z, Buffalo, N. Y.



Bellevue-Stratford

is a home-in-Philadelphia... not only for those who enjoy residence here the year 'round but as well for the many who return to the Bellevue again and again. In the heart of the business and financial district, only a few minutes from the best in concerts, plays, football—the Bellevue-Stratford combines accessibility with quiet luxury. ... May we offer you Bellevue-Stratford hospitality?—at 1933 low prices of course.

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Genl. Mgr.

PHILADELPHIA

Go Ahead and Fly

(Continued from page 53)

so much the better. But to test his equipment, he had to fly immense distances, over land and sea, in the frigid altitudes of the Arctic, in the fervent summer heat of our prairies. If he had attempted the same flight without such equipment, his flight would have been a stunt—a good one, but a stunt, anyway.

And stunt flying does no particular good to aviation. Too often the stunt flier fails spectacularly. The safe accomplishment of a transcontinental flight by an airmail plane is not sensational; it's commonplace. Unsafe flights are sensational. And there are hundreds of sensation-seekers. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if some daredevil presently were to attempt a flight

from Kokomo to Kobe, not because any good purpose will be served by a flight from Kokomo to Kobe, but because nobody else ever has flown from Kokomo to Kobe. We have too many flights intended to advertise somebody, or some gasoline, or some country. And we have far, far too many flights that are conceived in vanity and executed in ignorance.

Such fliers are brave, but they are not scientists. They are sportsmen, playing at a particularly dangerous game.

Today we have steamships a thousand feet long, but people still try to cross the ocean in small boats. We have beautiful and well graded bridle paths, but people still go steeplechasing. We have our care-

ful motorists, who go from place to place on business, and we have breakneck races. If a railroad engineer were to take a locomotive around Horseshoe Curve to see how fast he could go without running off the track, nobody would call him a typical railroad man. If some dimwit tries to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a wash boiler, nobody will say that his risk compares with the risk of a journey to Europe on the *Washington* with Captain Fried on the bridge. Yet people hear about unskilled aviators undertaking foolish flights, and then they refuse to ride in some air line which most likely hasn't had a serious accident in a year, or perhaps in years.

Go ahead and fly. It's safe.

As It Was in the Beginning

(Continued from page 15)

as terrific beyond measure." Whence came those howlings? Presumably they were the raucous, screaming voices of wolves; of bay lynxes or wildcats, less silent than they are now; of bears perhaps; and of that great and powerful hunting cat, the puma or cougar, generally misnamed the panther and known now in the West as the mountain lion. All these were formidable enemies of the deer and most of them subsisted largely or mainly upon deer meat; and all of these were abundant in the early days throughout practically the whole of the great American forest from Canada to Florida.

The black bear, says Jeremy Belknap in his history of New Hampshire, published in 1792, "places himself between two rows of corn and with his paws breaks down the stalks of four contiguous hills, bending them towards the center of the space, that the ears may lie near each other. Passing in this manner through a field, he destroys the corn in great quantities." Sometimes, according to this historian, the bear's depredations were even more serious. Two instances are mentioned, one at Moultonborough in 1784 and one at Suncooke River in 1731, in each of which a child was killed and carried off—a startling departure from the black bear's inoffensive habits as we know him today.

"When John Duncan built his house in a canebrake, on the creek which bears his name," wrote Logan of South Carolina, "he opened a path, some fifteen paces long, through the cane to the stream for the convenience of getting water. In after years he related to his children that there was scarcely a minute of the day that he could not see some wild animal moving stealthily up or down the creek across that path.

"Sitting one evening at dusk in his door with his foot against the frame, a bear slyly approached the house, and threw him for a

moment into a great fright, by springing suddenly over his leg into the cabin. Recovering himself, he seized his gun, and before the bold intruder could effect his escape, shot him dead upon the hearth . . . We were shown near the Ennoree . . . the site of a ruined cabin, through the door of which a panther, one night, leaped over the shoulders of one Mrs. Ford."

Bears were so numerous that "a hunter of ordinary skill could kill in a single season enough to make him some three thousand pounds of bacon." Next to the white-tailed deer the black bear was the most abundant of all the large wild animals of the early American woods and there were regions in which it seems to have occupied an even more important place than the deer in the lives of the Indian nations which relied so largely for their sustenance upon the beasts of the forest.

Thus in the country of the great Muscogee nation, which held most of what is now the State of Georgia and parts of Alabama, large tracts of land known as "beloved bear grounds" were set aside for the use of the bears where they might multiply and live unmolested except at certain seasons when they were killed in almost incredible numbers. In later years the Muscogee found cattle more profitable than bears and the "beloved bear grounds" were transformed gradually into stock ranges; but it is interesting to recall them now not only as illustrating the amazing abundance of bears in the early days but also as one of the earliest and certainly one of the most successful applications of the principle of conservation of wild life on a considerable scale in America.

Among the wild creatures which provided food for the Indian nations of the eastern American wilderness and for the white pioneers the wild turkey probably deserves a place not very far inferior to

that of the deer and the bear and bison.

The turkey originally inhabited almost the whole eastern American forest from Canada and Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. It is sometimes difficult to credit the accounts given by the early travelers concerning the abundance of turkeys, yet there is no sound reason for believing that their stories were extravagant. Even as late as Audubon's day, a twelve-pound wild turkey could be bought in Kentucky for the sum of three pence, while a thirty-pounder "was considered well sold when it brought a quarter of a dollar." It is related that in 1540 one Cherokee town in upper South Carolina presented DeSoto's Spaniards with 700 wild turkeys, and Lawson on his journey in 1709 saw turkeys in flocks of 500. Perhaps the most vivid picture is that drawn by William Bartram in his account of his journey through the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida in 1773:

"Having rested very well during the night, I was awakened in the morning early, by the cheering converse of the wild turkey-cocks saluting each other from the sun-brightened tops of the lofty *Cupressus disticha* and *Magnolia grandiflora*. They begin at early dawn, and continue until sunrise, from March to the last of April. The high forests ring with the noise, like the crowing of the domestic cock, of these social sentinels; the watchword being caught and repeated, from one to another for hundreds of miles around; in so much that the whole country is for an hour or more in an universal shout. A little after sun-rise their crowing gradually ceases, they quit their high lodging places, and alight on the earth, where expanding their silver-bordered train, they strut and dance round about the coy female, while the deep forests seem to tremble with their shrill noise."

That morning chorus of the wild turkey-

cocks was one of the pleasanter noises of the wilderness, and so too was the clamor of the prodigious hosts of wildfowl—ducks, geese, swans and many others—found in their seasons along the marshes, rivers and bays. A grimmer sound, and one which the early hunters knew well, was the hunting cry of the wolf. From Maine to Florida wolves abounded, subsisting principally on the deer and, after the coming of the white man, raiding his flocks and herds.

Wolves, says Josseline, writing of northern New England, were very common and very noxious. The town of Amherst, New Hampshire, Belknap tells us, was so seriously infested by wolves that all the inhabitants turned out at a time appointed, invaded a swamp which was the beasts' stronghold and "kept up an incessant firing of guns and beating of drums through the day. In the following night the wolves quitted the swamp with a dismal howling."

Though the wolf of the eastern American forest was by no means so dangerous a creature as the wolf of Europe, there are so many thrilling stories of adventure with wolves that it is difficult to discredit all of them. In the family history (manuscript) of a neighbor of mine occurs the following dramatic passage:

"Joshua Lockwood from the county of Kent, England, settled in the town of Dorchester about sixteen miles from Charleston on the Ashley River in South Carolina. He married Mary Lee—had a family—and died about 1750 at Dorchester. In carrying his remains for burial in Charleston, the cortege was attacked by a flock of wolves which compelled them to bury his remains by the roadside about nine miles from Charleston."

There were in the great forest of eastern North America no beasts of prey comparable with the terrible four-footed killers of the African and Asiatic wildernesses. Yet it may well be that we are too hasty when we discount all the old stories of perilous adventure with wild beasts in American pioneer days. The puma, for instance, before he had learned the deadly power of the white hunter's rifle, was probably a far more dangerous enemy than he is now.

To the Cherokee of the Southern mountains he was Klandaghi, the Cat of God; and the young Cherokee boys were made to sleep on puma skins so that they might acquire the great forest cat's uncanny skill.

Of all the animals that ranged through the early American woods he was the most dreaded by the newcomers from over the sea. Sometimes they called him lion, apparently believing him to be a maneless variety of that royal beast; sometimes they named him tyger, since in size and form he recalled the tiger, though lacking the tiger's stripes. Later the name panther was fastened firmly upon him, to be corrupted by the rude backwoods hunters into the "painter" of many hair-raising yarns. He was the most mysterious and the most impressive of all the American beasts of prey, and around him many thrilling tales were spun, most of them greatly exaggerated, no doubt, but some of them probably true.

Eight feet long from nose to tail-tip, weighing 200 pounds or even more, armed with the terrible teeth and the curved retractile claws which, together with their stealth and the power of their spring, render the great cats the most formidable wild killers in the world, the puma moved through the forest spaces and along the shadowy canebrake trails, as soundlessly as a ghost except when his terrifying scream rang out on the night air.

The elk and the moose could fight him off, and so too could the buffalo bull; but thousands of deer fell victim to his strength and cunning, their necks broken by a single stroke of his mighty paw. The Cherokee used to say that they had often come upon the puma in the woods lying at ease between two deer which he had just struck down; and the wild horses, too—descendants of the horses brought by the early Spanish explorers—which are said to have grazed in considerable herds in the natural pastures of the southern Atlantic States, probably knew him as a formidable foe.

He has gone now—gone with the red men who venerated him as the greatest of all the wild hunters—from practically all the eastern United States. There are still rumors of pumas in the Adirondacks, but these rumors remain unverified, and apparently the animal became extinct there about 1890. In Florida some survive, and there is a possibility that the great forest cat may be seen again in the fastness of the high Smokies and the Blacks in North Carolina. But if any pumas still exist there, they are so few that even the most rigid protection can hardly save them. Like Yann'sa the Very Great Bull, and Awi Agwa the elk, and Waya the wolf, Klandaghi the Cat of God, has said farewell to the kingdom that was once his.

That kingdom itself has vanished. The ancient American forest no longer exists. Here and there, as in the Great Smokies for instance, and in parts of the Southern pinelands, tracts of virgin timber remain; but beautiful as our Eastern woods still are, most of them are second-growth. And yet, though the old days can never return, there is much to cheer those of us who look back with regret upon the unravished America that our forefathers knew.

We are making, though much too slowly, new forests to take the place of the old. We have saved the deer and the bear, and we may yet save the wild turkey. Wiser laws have checked the destruction of waterfowl and given them a fighting chance. A new understanding of the value of wild woodlands and open spaces, of wild animals and birds, is coming to us, and we are realizing, too, that these things are not to be expressed wholly in dollars and cents.

A glance into the past may help to shape the future. There is a glamor about those days when America was young which will never wear away; and much of that glamor springs from the teeming wild animal life of those adventurous days, some part of which we may yet hand down to our children if we act in time.

One Year From Today What Will You Be Earning?

This may be the most important year in your life! Your whole future is apt to depend on how you take advantage of present business changes.

The "New Deal" is opening up new jobs, creating unusual opportunities, bringing back prosperity. But that does not insure prosperity for you. Only you can insure that.

For months—maybe years—employers will be able to pick and choose out of the millions now unemployed or dissatisfied with their work and pay. Naturally they will pick the men with most preparation and ability.

You should—you must—make yourself quickly more valuable—to protect what you have and to insure getting your share of the promotions and pay raises. It is being done by OTHERS—it can be done by YOU!

Ask us to send you full details about our new spare time training, and to explain how it prepares you to meet today's demands and opportunities, also about our salary-increasing plan. If you really are in earnest, you should investigate at once. Check your field below, write your name and address, and mail.

LaSalle Extension University Dept. 12361-R Chicago

Can we, free, the facts about the demands and opportunities in the business field I have checked—and about your training for that field.

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ Higher Accounting | ☐ Industrial Management |
| ☐ Expert Bookkeeping | ☐ Modern Foremanship |
| ☐ Business Management | ☐ Business English |
| ☐ Traffic Management | ☐ Law—LL. B. Degree |
| ☐ C. P. A. Coaching | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ Grocery Store Management | ☐ Stenotypy |
| ☐ Modern Salesmanship | ☐ Effective Speaking |

Name _____

Present Position _____

Address _____

**Why Suffer with
Skin Troubles when
Cuticura**
Quickly Heals
Price 25c. each. Sample free. Address:
"Cuticura," Dept. 6B, Malden, Mass.

PATENTS As one of the oldest patent firms in America we give inventors at lowest consistent charge, a service noted for results, evidenced by many well known patents of extraordinary value. *Book, Patent-Sense, free.*

Lacey & Lacey, 635 F St., N. W. Dept. 8
Wash., D. C. Estab. 1869
Numerous Legionnaire References

**NEW LOW PRICES
GOOD YEAR
Firestone • Goodrich
U.S. AND OTHERS**
LOWEST PRICES ON EARTH.

TIRE USERS
by the thousands all over the U.S. A. vouch for the LONG, HARD SERVICE under severest road conditions of our standard brand Tires reconstructed by the ORIGINAL SECRET YORK PROCESS. OUR 17 YEARS IN BUSINESS makes it possible to offer tires at LOWEST PRICES in history with 12 month guarantee.

Don't Delay—Order Today

BALLOON TIRES		CORD TIRES	
Size	Rim Tires	Size	Rim Tires
29x4.40-21	\$2.15	30x3.50	\$2.25
29x4.50-21	2.35	30x3.75	2.35
30x4.50-21	2.40	31x4	2.95
28x4.75-19	3.45	0.65 32x4	2.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95 33x4	2.95
30x5.00-19	2.85	1.05 34x4	3.25
30x5.00-20	3.45	1.05 32x4.5	3.35
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15 33x4.5	3.45
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15 34x4.5	3.45
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15 35x4.5	3.65
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15 33x5	3.75
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15 35x5	3.95
29x5.50-19	3.35		
30x6.00-18	3.40		
31x6.00-19	3.40		
32x6.00-20	3.40		
33x6.00-21	3.65		
32x6.50-20	3.75		

FREE! TIRE GAUGE
WITH EACH ORDER FOR 2 TIRES
TAKE TIRE PRESSURE
THRU THE WALL OF TIRE
NO SUSS—NO DIRT

SEND ONLY \$1.00 DEPOSIT with each tire ordered. We ship—balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 per cent if cash in full accompaniment order.

ALL TUBES BRAND NEW GUARANTEED
Tires failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.

YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 3748
3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Everywhere and Way Stations

(Continued from page 17)

the white-shirted elder statesmen take the ball away from the grimy, blood-caked youngsters who have pushed it toward the goal and carry it ten yards back, down the field.

It has been Palmer's lot for most of the past thirty-six years to be "shot at without shooting back." His fate followed him to the pleasant (presumably, at this writing) town of Chaumont, Haute-Marne, France. Here it was, in 1917, that the barrage became fiercest. He was bracketed, day in and day out, by his blood-brothers of the press—erstwhile fellow-sufferers at the hands of censors the world over who saw this longest sufferer of them all suddenly go over to the enemy. "Worse Than War," he titles the chapter that describes his experiences as chief censor of the A. E. F. And however much his blood-brothers hated him for the part war had thrust upon him as a participant instead of as a spectator, they did not hate him as much as he hated himself:

"It did not take me long to learn that nature did not intend me to be a censor. The very principle of censorship makes it unfair. A line might be allowed to go in one dispatch when a line that seemed to make

a similar statement in another might have to be elided because of its connection with the remainder of the text. Yet, I cut relatively little because the correspondents knew so well what was allowable; but the little I did cut was out of the heart's blood of the man who had labored so hard to get the material for his dispatch and then to write it. There were times when I felt like going into hiding, when I took solitary walks to stiffen my backbone, lest I should call the correspondents together and say: 'Go to it! We're fighting for democracy, and censorship is the very negation of democracy. Be your own censors! Send what you would like! Puncture the propaganda balloon! Let us have the truth!'"

To the World War veteran the recital of Palmer's own experiences with the A. E. F. will inevitably be the most fascinating portion of a wholly fascinating true story. Here is inside stuff about things that had a direct influence on the well-being of two million men. Here the hood is lifted and the engine of history exposed—a chapter of history which we helped write along with Palmer. Here a hundred latrine rumors are sunk and another hundred at-

tested as amazingly and triumphantly true. But far more than because of any fresh factual contribution he makes to the history of the World War, Palmer's story will enthrall the A. E. F. veteran because it shows that Palmer, despite the jiggers on his shoulders, sweated under the yoke as arduously as the humblest K. P. Our own Wallgren, in his *Stars and Stripes* days, fashioned a hilarious (weren't they all?) cartoon made up of extracts from letters home, alongside which he pictured the actual incident described in the letter with elaborate equivocation. "I was mentioned by the general today," one of Pershing's crusaders sets down for home consumption, and the accompanying sketch shows the division commander remarking to the crusader's immediate C. O. as he jerks a thumb at the adjacent crusader, "What is that, a soldier or a scarecrow? Does it ever salute?" Ill-winds like these blew at times toward each of us—they even blew toward Palmer. Generals bawled him out, too. And at this point one's admiration for Frederick Palmer suffers from a sour trace of envy. For Frederick Palmer can write a book and report the actual conversations.

In Step with the Legion

(Continued from page 35)

Poppy Committee, approved by the delegates, included: A decision that the contest specify posters of uniform size, smaller than those heretofore used; that specific rules be furnished contestants and that judging be made upon a schedule of rating for originality, artistic ability, sentiment depicted; that the radio poppy barrage so successfully conducted by the National Radio Committee preceding the 1933 sale be repeated; that Departments stress the employment given to disabled veterans through the manufacture of poppies, in connection with the poppy program.

Two resolutions contained in the report of the Committee on Trophies, Awards and Emblem read by its chairman, Mrs. J. Y. Cheney of Florida, which were accepted, were: That the emblem pin for Past Department Presidents, which now closely resembles the Past National President's emblem, be changed sufficiently to avoid confusion with the latter; that an official Auxiliary grave marker be designed that will be easily distinguished from the Legion marker.

National Commander Louis Johnson and National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel were presented to the convention to bring the greetings of the Legion to the comrades of the Auxiliary. After a stirring tribute to National President Mrs. Blackburn and reference to the general hostility which the

two organizations met at the hands of the press during the past year, Commander Johnson added, "I want this record to show here this afternoon that it would not have been possible to reverse public opinion, to have brought anew the support of the press, had it not been for a loyal, fighting Auxiliary that stood with us through the fight."

National Adjutant Samuel suggested that "the best thing The American Legion ever did was to take The American Legion Auxiliary out of the kitchen," referring to the fact that at first Legionnaires quite generally felt that having their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters available to cook for their members, Legion post meetings would prove more attractive. That their further worth was soon realized he expressed in these words: "We now conceive of the value of your work in terms of your great contribution to the national defense program, in terms of your child welfare work, in terms of your rehabilitation program, in terms of the great annual poppy day achievement."

An address by Princess Cantacuzene, grand-daughter of President Ulysses S. Grant, an active Auxiliare of Florida and a distinguished guest of the convention, covered the subject of national defense. Congressman Harry P. Beam of Illinois brought the official greetings of Mayor Kelly of Chicago, after which John Elden,

Chef de Chemin de Fer of the 40 and 8, spoke for his organization.

Not all of the activities of the women of the Auxiliary were confined to the serious deliberations in their convention hall, or to the series of committee meetings which were held more or less continuously throughout the convention period. There were many social duties which took what little spare time was available. Early on the Sunday morning preceding the opening of the convention the Aloha Breakfast was held, followed through the day by the Fidac Breakfast, a tea for the hundred or more charming young women who served as pages, by the Past President's Parley supper and finally, late in the evening, by a reception to Mrs. Blackburn, the National President, and other national officers.

As is customary, the official session was dispensed with on the day of the parade. But even that day was occupied, as the national officers, with their distinguished guests, were prominent in the reviewing stand.

First on the order of business, when Mrs. Blackburn reconvened her delegates on the following morning, was the nomination of national officers. The first State on the roll call, Alabama, yielded to Pennsylvania. Mrs. George Phelps Rose of Pittsburgh placed in nomination for National President, Mrs. William Henry Biester, Jr., of Philadelphia. After reviewing the splendid

record of Mrs. Biester's service to the Auxiliary, beginning in 1920 when she organized her own unit of the Auxiliary, coursing through every form of activity in the Department, including a two-year term as Department President, as National Executive Committeewoman, and as chairman of the National Legislative and National Finance Committees, Mrs. Rose continued: "She is a born executive and an excellent, impartial presiding officer. She is a tireless worker and a real enthusiast about everything in which she is engaged, and has the rare ability of keeping everyone with whom she associates in a constructive, happy mental attitude."

ONLY one other candidate for National President was presented. Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart, of Ohio, first National President of the Auxiliary, submitted the name of Mrs. J. J. Doyle of Ohio, who was completing her second term as National Chaplain. Before the conclusion of Wednesday's session, however, at Mrs. Doyle's request Mrs. Hobart withdrew the former's name and moved for a unanimous vote for Mrs. Biester at the election on the following morning.

The names of the five National Vice-Presidents, who are selected by their respective Divisional caucuses and whose nominations are therefore tantamount to election, were next presented: Miss Anna Manion of Waltham, Massachusetts, Eastern Division; Mrs. Charles Miller of Little Rock, Arkansas, Southern Division; Mrs. Alma Duffendack of North Kansas City, Missouri, Central Division; Mrs. O. W. Hahn of Fremont, Nebraska, Northwestern Division, and Mrs. Elizabeth Drendell of San Francisco, California, Western Division.

For American Vice-President of the Fidac Auxiliary, Mrs. Cobb of Oregon placed in nomination Mrs. Pat Allen of Oregon for re-election. National Vice-President Mrs. Roland B. Howell, on behalf of the Southern Division, presented National President Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, but upon Mrs. Blackburn's insistence that it would be impossible for her to hold a national office during the coming year her name was withdrawn, leaving Mrs. Allen an uncontested candidate.

In reporting the work accomplished by Auxiliary Americanism workers, Mrs. William H. Cudworth, Chairman of the National Americanism Committee, emphasized the fact that "our workers are thoroughly aroused in defense of our American institutions and are consecrated to untiring effort for the consummation of the big objective of creating an invulnerable American citizenry." To combat the tendency of elements opposing American ideals to take advantage of present economic disturbances, a special division at National Headquarters to distribute informative material will be established. This decision was reached in the approval of a recommendation appended to the report of the National President.

It was decided by the Fidac Com-

mittee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson of Pennsylvania, and approved by the convention that the Fidac doll contest, won this year by the Departments of Wyoming, Alabama and Oregon, in that order, be discontinued this coming year. It was recommended also that a series of articles about the country to entertain the Fidac congress appear in the *Fidac Review*.

The impressive program of the Rehabilitation Committee, under the guidance of Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., the unanimous selection for 1934 National President, was presented by her to the convention. The recommendations of the committee, heartily approved by the delegates, included: The continuance of the Christmas program, which insures that every hospitalized veteran is remembered by a gift from the Department in which he is located with the uniform greeting, "From your American Legion Auxiliary." Provision is made for those Departments that cannot bear the full expense of the program to receive aid from the national organization. A continuance of the family contact service, whereby families of hospitalized men are also cared for at the holiday season, was also pledged. The Auxiliary stands four-square behind the Legion's four-point program which provides that every veteran disabled in line of duty shall not suffer any reduction of benefits of the World War Veterans' Act; that the Government provide hospitalization for all honorably discharged veterans who are unable to pay for required treatment; that service connection of disabilities recognized under laws passed before March 20, 1933, be perpetuated; that benefits for veterans' dependents be resumed and continued.

MRS. Lowell Fletcher Hobart, Chairman of the Past Presidents' Parley, and Mrs. Dorothy B. Harper, Le Chapeau Nationale of the 8 and 40, submitted reports of these two subsidiary organizations of the Auxiliary. Mrs. Harper could tell of the continued activity of the 8 and 40 in the Legion's child welfare programs, of the definite assignment to the subject of preventive tuberculosis service to children, of the hospital bed in the National Jewish Hospital at Denver, endowed for children by the 8 and 40, of the \$3,000 contributed to the Legion Child Welfare Division, of \$200 donated for the education of war orphans program and of the usual sum of \$500 sent each year to the Paris (France) salon for the American school.

A serenade by the Minnesota Glee Club, which won first honors in the music contests, appropriately preceded the report of the National Music Committee, read by its Chairman, Mrs. Clem D. Johnston. She announced the winners in the several groups as follows: Glee Clubs: 1st, Minneapolis, 2d, Kansas City, 3d, Vincennes, Indiana; Quartettes: Salem, Oregon, South St. Paul, Minnesota, and Des Moines, Iowa; Trios: Salem, Oregon, St. Paul, Minnesota, and Sparta, Wisconsin.

That the Aux- (Continued on page 58)

Be Prepared

- Life is most uncertain. You may lose a friend at any moment and be instantly called upon to take charge. Write now for our free booklet, "My Duty," which tells the 25 steps that should be taken; which also tells of the new metal grave vault—the CLARK CUSTODIAN.
- For thirty years CLARK has stood for value and honest service. CLARK pioneered the original *Air Seal* vault—*watertight* construction. Now CLARK offers this Grecian style vault—beautiful beyond words. And even *more* serviceable than other CLARK vaults—at a cost most reasonable.
- Write for free Book—"My Duty"—now. The Clark Grave Vault Co., Columbus, Ohio. Branch Offices and Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.



Make Money at Home
Grow our famous Fancy White Queen Mushrooms. Experience unnecessary—we tell you how. Big demand, at highest prices. Marketing facilities furnished. Illustrated book free. Write today!
AMERICAN MUSHROOM INDUSTRIES, LTD.
223 Woolnough Bldg., Toronto, Ont.
EARN up to \$25 A WEEK or More!

GOVT POSITIONS
SALARY RANGE: \$105 to \$250 Monthly
MEN - WOMEN
Ex-Service Men Get Preference
Ry. Mail Clerk POSTMASTER
P. O. Laborer Seamstress
R. F. D. Carrier Auditor
Special Agent Stenographer
Customs Inspector U. S. Border Patrol
City Mail Carrier Telephone Op'ator
P. O. Clerk Watchman
Matron Skilled Laborer
Immigrant Ins'tor Statistical Clerk
Typist General Clerk
INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 110, St. Louis, Mo. Send me FREE particulars "How to Qualify" for future Government Jobs marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.
NAME
ADDRESS

No JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every Deaf Person Knows That
George F. Way made himself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with Artificial Ear Drums—his own invention. He wore them day and night. They stopped head noises and ringing ears. They are invisible and perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write for his true story, "How I Got Deaf and Made Myself Hear". Also booklet on Deafness. Address
GEORGE F. WAY, INC.
770 Hofmann Building Detroit, Michigan

New METLMACH
THE MODERN MACH
A big opportunity for Salesmen. Reap a harvest now selling METLMACHES to the Christmas trade. 1 Mach Lights 1000 Times or More.
Sells to stores or individuals, factories and firms who give Christmas presents, in fact anybody, anywhere.
Do not confound METLMACH with cigar lighters or fakes, for such it is not. METLMACH is a real ignitor for all purposes and is used the year around. Send \$1.00 at once for 15 METLMACHES in Christmas display easel, sell them and make 50% profit. Sample and salesman's terms for only 10c and a 3c stamp.
Write at once and start making big Christmas money.
METALMATCH CORPORATION
Dept. LL. WARSAW, ILL.

In Step with the Legion

(Continued from page 57)

iliary, both nationally and locally, has made phenomenal strides in the very effective publicity field of radio broadcasting was assured in the interesting and entertaining report submitted by Mrs. John G. Gilmore of Tennessee, Chairman of the National Radio Committee. The trials and tribulations incident to forcing an entrance into the air waves were sketched, but success crowned almost every effort and the Auxiliary is reported to have obtained more air time from the two national networks than any other organization. Full credit was given to the various national and department officers who assisted in this important endeavor. It was recommended that where possible Department radio chairmen be retained in office as long as they will render service in order that proper contact with broadcasting stations may be maintained from year to year.

Included in the report of Past National President Mrs. R. L. Hoyle, National Finance Chairman, were recommendations that Auxiliary national funds may be invested in United States bonds only; that the Auxiliary will not assume financial obligations incurred by Fidac authorities abroad unless approved by the National President and the National Finance Committee; that a contribution of \$6,000 be made to The American Legion Child Welfare Fund for use in direct relief; that requests by Departments for child welfare or rehabilitation funds from the national organization must be accompanied by the current year's budget of Department expenditures and a statement of the previous year's expenditures; that the national dues of the Past President's Parley and of the 8 and 40 shall not exceed the national dues of the Auxiliary; that, upon the request of the National Rehabilitation Committee, a ten-cent per capita tax be again requested of all Departments to be used jointly by the Auxiliary and Legion for rehabilitation work. The report was unanimously accepted.

Vice President-Elect Mrs. O. W. Hahn, as National Chairman of Membership, submitted her committee's report, which placed the 1934 membership quotas of all Departments at the same totals as the 1933 quotas. An amendment to the national Constitution and By-laws providing that only the National Secretary and National Treasurer shall be salaried officers and that necessary expenses of national officers, National Executive Committeewomen and National Chairmen of standing committees may be paid from the national treasury upon proper approval, was accepted after presentation by Past National President Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Chairman of that committee.

The climax of the Auxiliary's year Socially was reached on Wednesday evening in

the States Dinner, the crowning event of each succeeding convention. Soft lights and sweet music, fair women beautifully gowned, exquisitely decorated tables, at each of which were grouped the delegates and guests of the respective Departments, photographed a lasting impression. Included among the two thousand guests in the Grand Ballroom of the Palmer House and the Red Lacquer Room were many men of the Legion—Department Commanders and Adjutants, husbands, broth-

Legion were unanimously approved by the Auxiliary delegates.

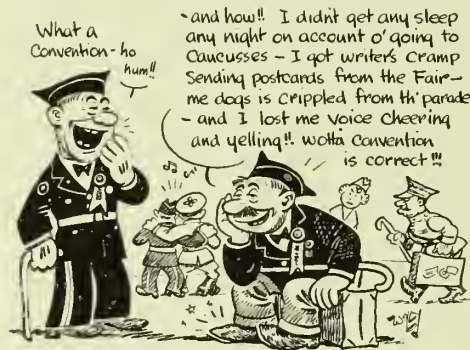
A resolution of sympathy because of the untimely death of Past National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer was adopted on motion of Mrs. Mary Virginia Macrae, Past National President, and the convention stood in silence as a mark of respect to his memory. A supplementary report of the Finance Committee recommended the contribution of \$500 to the Paris Unit of the Auxiliary for child welfare work and was approved.

Mrs. J. Y. Cheney, Chairman of the Trophies, Awards and Emblem Committee, had the pleasure of presenting trophies to those Departments which had earned them because of membership and other activities. The Department of Panama for the second successive year won five awards for membership prowess, the Hobart Junior, the McKay Junior, the Towne, the Wirtz and the McKissick Trophies. To Tennessee went the Hobart Trophy for the Department of more than 1,000 members showing the greatest percentage of membership increase thirty days prior to the national convention;

to Wisconsin, the Oliphant Trophy for having the highest percentage of membership before January 1st. The Bolles Trophy for the best Fidac activities was won by the Department of Indiana, while cash radio membership prizes went to South Dakota, Louisiana, Indiana and Ohio. Four of the national membership cups, the Macrae, Biester, McKay and Cheney Trophies, were not qualified for. The Toomey Trophy for the best Department history was awarded to New York, with Ohio and New Jersey receiving honorable mention. The Norris Yerger Unit Activities Cup was carried off by Slay-Wyrick Unit of Hosston, Louisiana.

Following the acceptance of her report of the substantial gain made by the Auxiliary in its continuing fight for an adequate national defense, Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, Past National President and organizer of the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense held annually in Washington, was presented with the Distinguished Service Medal of the Auxiliary by National President Mrs. Blackburn, and was made Chairman Emeritus of the National Defense Division of the Auxiliary.

Child welfare, one of the subjects closest to the heart of the Auxiliary received thorough and careful consideration by the committee of which Mrs. A. C. Carlson was Chairman. In her report it was shown that more than \$720,000 had been expended by the national organizations and by Departments, posts and units of the Legion and Auxiliary in caring for a total of 182,194 children. It was recommended that the Auxiliary continue to co-operate



ers and sons of the Auxiliary. The charming hostess, Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, National President, was surrounded by such distinguished guests as Count and Countess de Chambrun, representing France, Nicola Sansanelli of Italy, and National Commander Johnson of the Legion.

The Department of Florida was rewarded for the most artistic table; Arizona carried off honors with its typical decorations, which featured a cloth of flexible copper and goblets and place cards of the same native metal, a Pima Indian ceremonial bowl overflowing with native fruits, and tiny Navajo rugs. To Louisiana went the prize for the best historic display—a reproduction, with miniature figures of French and American troops, bishops, townspeople and dignitaries, of the actual withdrawal of the French after the Louisiana Purchase. The dinner gave the guests an opportunity to visit their friends at the various State tables, and was appreciated particularly because of the adherence to the rule of no speeches.

The work of the convention was handled with such dispatch that only the submission of a few committee reports and the election, presentation and installation of the new national officers remained for the final session on Thursday morning. Miss Anna Manion, Vice President-Elect of the Eastern Division, as Chairman of the Legislative Committee told in her report of the importance of the Auxiliary continuing its active support of the Legion's legislative program, which had contributed much to its success. The seven resolutions that had received the favorable consideration of the

closely with the Legion's and its own National Child Welfare Committees and with other groups interested in the same work, that efforts in behalf of juvenile offenders be continued, and that Federal and local health services be extended in places requiring them.

Resolutions presented by Mrs. J. H. Morrow extended the Auxiliary's thanks to the various agencies which helped to make their convention a complete success and to the distinguished guests, and a rising vote approved a beautiful tribute to the retiring National President. Through Mrs. Collins, President of the Department of Florida, came an invitation to the Auxiliary to meet in Miami in 1934.

Upon motions made from the floor, the National Secretary was instructed to cast the entire vote of the convention for Mrs. William Henry Biester, Jr., for National President, and for the five Vice Presidents and the American Vice President of the Fidac Auxiliary, who had been nominated without contest in the previous day's session.

An ovation greeted Mrs. Biester when she was presented to the convention by Mrs. Blackburn. A precedent was established in that her husband, William Henry Biester, Jr., through whose war service and membership in Donald T. Shenton Post of Philadelphia she became eligible for Auxiliary membership, escorted her to the platform. Mrs. Biester assured the women of the Auxiliary that "this office shall be a sacred trust, and I pledge you, with all the sincerity at my

command, fifty-two weeks of honest effort and three hundred and sixty-five days of tireless, constructive, devoted, dignified service."

A detail of Donald T. Shenton Post, the Frankford (Pennsylvania) Drum and Bugle Corps, the Henry Houston 3d Drum and Bugle Corps, and the Keynote Quartette of Omaha, Nebraska, serenaded the President-Elect. The retiring National Vice Presidents next presented their successors in their respective Divisions, after which Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Past National President, installed the newly-elected officers.

The National Executive Committee which met immediately following adjournment of the convention re-elected the following national officers who had been nominated by the National President, Mrs. Biester: Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Iowa, National Secretary; Mrs. Cecilia Wenz of Indiana, National Treasurer; Mrs. J. J. Doyle of Ohio, National Chaplain. Mrs. Clement Johnston of Virginia succeeded Mrs. Malcolm Douglas as National Historian.

The National Colors were presented to Mrs. Blackburn by Mrs. O. D. Oliphant in words which expressed the love of the Auxiliary and an acknowledgment of the remarkable leadership which had been given their organization. Appropriately, just before Mrs. Blackburn dropped the gavel which adjourned the Thirteenth Annual National Convention of The American Legion Auxiliary, the entire convention and guests joined in singing "My Old Kentucky Home."

Making the Home Secure

(Continued from page 3)

two in number for our present purpose, hold jointly in such relationship that on the death of either, the entire property remains in the other. That other is said to take 'by right of survivorship.' The survivorship right is the peculiar incident of joint tenancy. It is the characteristic that makes such tenancy of distinctive value as applied to a homestead.

"If governed by a joint-tenancy deed, the homestead forms no part of a bequeathable estate. It is not disposable by will, and so upon the death of one tenant does not go to probate. The survivor is in immediate, sole, complete and unhampered ownership of, dominion over, it. There are no restrictions as to a life estate or in other ways. All that is necessary is to file an affidavit and a copy of the death certificate with the register of deeds.

"This is the simplest means of insuring that full title vests in the surviving spouse. It obviates court procedure following a death. When the homestead is not governed by such a deed, whether the decedent husband, say, does or does not leave a will, and whether the existing deed names him alone or both him and his wife, the home-

stead will form part of the estate that must be submitted to probate. The procedure of probate will require probably six months or more; it will entail expenses—court costs, attorney's fees, and so forth—which come out of the estate.

"It is important, to insure a joint tenancy, that the deed declare expressly that the arrangement is such. Unless it does so, the courts might construe it otherwise. An approved form of wording is this:

... Frank Brown and Susan Brown, husband and wife, as joint tenants and not as tenants in common, their assigns, the survivor of said parties, and the heirs and assigns of the survivor, forever.

"The phase of estates for life only is one that should be of special concern to wives in households with children. For this State, whose laws may be regarded as fairly typical, let me cite some of the applications. I know you don't want me to be too technical, and what I say about such 'life interests' will be subject to varying statutes in different States.

"When, in the household with children, the title to the homestead is in the husband's name only, (Continued on page 60)



"Tom & Co."

YOU know them. They live in your town. Their prospects are brighter now, but the experience they have been through has left its mark in a way they may not suspect—tuberculosis is always "around the corner" for people who undergo hardship.

Help your local tuberculosis association protect them. Christmas Seals finance a nation-wide program of free clinics, tuberculin testing, X-rays, nursing service, education, and other activities.



The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

Buy CHRISTMAS SEALS

MINSTRELS

Unique first parts for complete show, with special songs and choruses. Black-face plays, Jokes, Gags, Posters, Make-up Goods, Wigs, Bones, Tambourines. Lively, up-to-the-minute plays for dramatic clubs and lodges. Denison plays produced everywhere, 57 years of hits.

Free Catalog
T. S. DENISON & CO.
623 S. Wabash, Dept. 89, Chicago

ALWAYS ON EDGE

HE WAS PUZZLED

"Splitting" Headaches

Until she learned why she was always miserable—and found out about NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Now she gets along fine with everybody. This safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative brought quick relief and quiet nerves because it cleared her system of poisonous wastes—made bowel action easy and regular. Thousands take NR daily. It's such a sure, pleasant corrective. Mild, non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. At your druggist's—25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk TD-61, St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Making the Home Secure

(Continued from page 59)

and he dies, not leaving a will, the wife will have a life interest in the homestead, but no more, and on her death it will pass to the children in fee simple, that is, absolutely. A life interest gives her the right to reside there while she lives, but not the right to dispose of the property. She may mortgage it, borrow money on it, if she can find any one willing to lend on it in the circumstances. In this same case, the husband could, by a will, devise the home to the wife absolutely.

"Again, when the title rests in the names of both husband and wife as tenants in common—each having an undivided but disposable share—and the husband dies without a will, the wife remains in full possession of her half but the other half passes to her only to the extent of a life interest. On her death, that half goes to the children. By a will, the husband could devise his half to his wife, by which, at his death, she would obtain the entire property.

"In other words, unless the deed to the homestead embodies the right of survivorship, which is provided in a deed of joint tenancy, a will is the usual resort to obviate the life-interest factor, whether as to the whole property or to a part of it. And a will necessitates probate.

"In the last five or ten years, the number of joint-tenancy deeds filed for record in my office has increased greatly. The increase is due, I think, to the growing understanding of the nature and advantages of such form of holding, especially as applied to the homestead. Survivorship right and avoidance of probate are considerations that appeal strongly to wise providers.

"Newspapers make a practice of reporting summaries of the estates left by prominent persons as disclosed by their wills when filed in probate court. It is often observed that no mention of the homestead is included when the existence of a homestead is well known. The explanation is, most likely, that it had been held in a joint tenancy."

These were strong arguments in favor. But were there any disadvantages in holding the homestead so, I asked the register.

"None that I can see," he replied, "that is inherent in the method itself. There may be conditions in the individual home that would make it inadvisable. I have noticed that in most of the joint-tenancy deeds we record the title holders are middle-aged or older. Is there anything significant in that, other than the fact that people get wiser, or ought to, as they grow older?"

"Well, just consider this. With young couples there may be some uncertainty, in their own minds, as to the permanency of the marriage. As a result, there may be a desire on the part of each spouse in a given case to retain as large a share, degree, of control as possible over the future of the homestead.

"Such reluctance to part with existing rights might obtain in the case where the title stands in the name of one spouse only—usually the husband's, but sometimes the wife's, as when the latter has received the home by gift from her parents.

"Like reluctance might obtain, too, where the existing deed names both husband and wife as tenants in common. For, as I have already indicated, if either spouse died without leaving a will the children's rights in the decedent's share of the property would be safeguarded by statute.

"Where a joint-tenancy deed does govern, the children will have no rights whatever in the homestead. Full title will vest in the surviving parent—that is, when the parents are the sole title holders. Any number of persons may be named in a deed as joint tenants.

"However, as the children grow up and prepare to leave the home to shift for themselves, as the permanency of the marriage seems assured, as more and more Frank and Susan come to realize that they are full partners in the enterprise and adventure of life, equal contributors to it and hence equal sharers in its fruits—they are ripe for the joint-tenancy provision.

"It is the ideal provision where complete trust and confidence obtain between the parties, where there is no prospect of discord, where each believes that the other,

left in full title and possession, will do the best by the children without legal compulsion, though they have no share in the homestead. It may not be the best arrangement for the husband or the wife to whom a prospect of a second marriage of the spouse, however remote, causes mental distress or foreboding. Where a lack of harmony exists between parents, where either fears that, in the event of his or her death, the children might suffer neglect from the surviving spouse, especially if remarried, the joint tenancy may be undesirable.

"There is still another contingency affecting desirability. Where the relationship is not that of husband and wife, where it is, say, father and daughter or mother and son, a person holding title alone may hesitate to relinquish sole title and control by entering into joint tenancy. By such act, he would restrict his right to sell or mortgage the property, for any such action would require, under a joint tenancy, the assent of the co-tenant."

If householders now holding under another form of deed desire to change to the joint tenancy, how go about it?

"There is only one way to proceed," the register pointed out. "The present title holder or title holders should deed the property to some other person, and have him convey it back to the desired parties by means of a deed naming them as 'joint tenants and not as tenants in common.' This other person acts merely as a friendly go-between. Care should be taken to choose for the part some one who has no judgments outstanding against him.

"I should add that in States where joint tenancies under the common law may have been modified or abrogated by statute, and in States that have adopted the community-property system, the resort of joint tenancy may not be available or may be so subject to limitations."

One thing only remains to be said. When John and Elizabeth Colonial are ready to govern, safeguard, that homestead by a deed in joint tenancy, they should consult a lawyer. Making out legal papers is a lawyer's job.

Bumped by a General

(Continued from page 16)

"Look out! Here comes Barney Oldfield!" He also says that it showed no lights, and he justifies their absence by recalling the orders against display of lights so near the front.

The pack I had already hitched on my back saved me from fatal injury. Against it the full force of the car was hurled. Those who picked me up are certain I had been thrown half a block from the scene of the

impact. I must take these details at second hand from observers just as I am compelled to accept the tale of the major in the 151st who furiously rushed out to arrest the man responsible for this assault on one of his soldiers. When he learned the identity of the assailant he thought it just as well to drop the matter.

A few kilometers away was a French hospital with an American ward. There I

first regained consciousness next morning—but consciousness did me little good.

"How did you get smashed up like this?" asked a nurse.

I could imagine only one cause for my condition, and I glibly told it to her.

"I went to sleep and fell off the kitchen," I said.

Gingerly I examined my wounds. No part of me seemed broken or misplaced,

but my entire right side, from head to toe, was a series of cuts, scratches, bruises, contusions and abrasions. Every muscle ached and throbbed; some of them, about my knee and wrist, trouble me to this day.

Attendants rolled me downstairs to another part of the hospital, and scattered so much iodine along my body that I seemed half Indian. They returned me to my cot. The nurse was dressing my injuries when a French major, accompanied by the head nurse of the hospital, appeared in the doorway. I got a hasty glimpse of his medal-covered breast as he announced, in English:

"I would like to see the soldier who was knocked down last night by General Gouraud's automobile."

No one answered. We, patients and nurses, looked inquiringly at one another.

"A young man was knocked down last night by General Gouraud's automobile," the major repeated. "He was brought here. Which one of you is the man?"

Still no answer from the beds. The major turned to the head nurse and exchanged a few words with her in French.

"Four of you were brought in last night," he said then to us. "Which was the victim of the General's automobile?"

This seemed to me an amusing guessing-game. I whispered to my nurse: "How about that fellow over there? He looks pretty badly bunged up."

"No," she said, "he's an airplane crash. Been here several days."

The major's next step, I suppose, would have been to eliminate us one by one until he found the man he sought, but such tactics became unnecessary. As he stood there, uncertain, another member of the 151st pushed past him and came to my cot.

"Gee, I thought you'd be dead," he greeted me cheerfully. "You sure looked

it last night when that car got through pushing you about."

The major walked over beside me and smiled.

"Why didn't you tell me you were the man?" he asked—and I had to confess my ignorance of my own identity.

He brought me General Gouraud's regrets at the occurrence and his good wishes for my speedy recovery. The General had been pleased to learn that my injuries were not serious. He desired to be told if I lacked for anything. The major stayed for ten or fifteen minutes, and made me understand, for the first time, the full value and beauty of genuine French courtesy. When he left, he gave special instructions to my nurse.

"If there is anything Mr. Burnett wants," he said, "be sure you get it for him. You have only to let the head nurse know."

I had no complaint to make, however, until eight days later. Then I was ordered back to the base hospital, though I felt fully able to rejoin my own outfit. By dint of argument and subterfuge I carried my point, but I had to use the same persuasiveness on company officers after my return. The men were on the hike. I wanted to be with them. It was not asking much. While they trudged I rode along on my kitchen—and I took special care not to go to sleep and fall off.

I was not to know General Gouraud until he came to Macon in August, 1923, for dedication of a memorial to the dead of the 151st. Our meeting then was so pleasant and delightful that I immediately abandoned any regrets I had ever felt for having stopped his progress that night. If that was the only way I could make the acquaintance of this splendid gentleman, I shall always be glad that I found it.

Gulf Stream Whoppers

(Continued from page 19)

bladed oar. "I'll get one whack at it anyway," he whispered.

He raised the oar; smashed it down. But the sea-bat was not there. Across the shining white sands it flew, a black streak that moved with express train speed. The reel screamed as the line paid out; my thumb blistered through the tire-tape and friction made smoke and smell.

A sea-bat propels itself by curling the front part of the slab of muscle at the tip around water. Like a man closing his hand one finger at a time, this contraction shoots the water back so hard that it leaves a wake like a motorboat, and we found ourselves rocking violently.

Watching the smoking line I braced myself for the jerk that would cost me fishline and bonefish. "There," I yelled angrily, "you've done it!"

But it is a fact that the sea-bat never ran the line off the spool. Five turns remained when it came to a halt. Maybe it was lazy;

perhaps three hundred feet of line slowed it up; again, the shallow water may have tired it. But stop it did, and Isaiah began to pole like mad. Again it dashed away, planing like a speed craft, but again it stopped. This continued for the better part of three hours. It was a question which would tire first, Isaiah or the sea-bat.

"He tire first, Mistah Fraid," panted Isaiah. "Sock 'im, Mistah Gene."

And sock him we did for another two hours until Gene with a lucky blow drove the broken bladed oar into the hole in the skull. Blood stained the water then, and three exhausted men pushed a dying sea-bat ashore on an atoll. Ugly, vicious with its stinger to the last, it grunted and wind soughed in and out of it. And then, when I poked an oar under its rear to pry it over, a little mauve thing weighing about ten pounds slid out from under it and flopped into the water and swam away. A little sea-bat was born (Continued on page 62)

NEW LOW PRICES on
GOODRICH-Firestone
GOOD YEAR **\$2.15**
U.S., FISK and OTHERS 19x4.40-21

And we defy anyone to excel our quality. Every standard brand tire reconstructed by our superior, modern method is positively guaranteed to give full 12 months' service under severest road conditions. This guarantee is backed by the entire financial resources of an old reliable company. Member N.R.A. Today's lowest prices.

YOU CAN'T BEAT OUR PRICES

SALE ON VULCANIZING TUBES

BALLOON TIRES		REG. CORD TIRES	
Size	Rim	Size	Tires Tubes
20x4.40-21	\$2.15	30x3	\$2.25
20x4.50-20	2.35	30x3 1/2	2.35
30x4.50-21	2.40	31x4	2.35
28x4.75-19	2.45	32x4	2.35
28x4.75-20	2.45	32x4 1/2	2.35
29x5.00-19	2.85	34x4	2.35
29x5.00-20	2.85	32x4 1/2	3.35
29x5.25-18	2.95	32x4 1/2	3.45
29x5.25-19	2.95	34x4 1/2	3.45
30x5.25-20	2.95	30x5	3.65
31x5.25-21	3.15	32x5	3.75
28x5.50-18	3.35	35x5	3.95
29x5.50-19	3.35		
30x5.50-18	3.40		
31x6.00-19	3.40		
32x6.00-20	3.45		
33x6.00-21	3.65		
32x6.50-20	3.75		

WE WANT DEALERS

ALL TUBES GUARANTEED BRAND NEW

SEND ONLY \$1 DEPOSIT on each tire ordered. We ship balance C. O. D. 5 percent discount for full cash with order. **Any tire failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.**

GOODWIN TIRE & RUBBER CO. Dept. 507, 1840 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE "RAY-O-VAC" Flashlight Lantern with order for 2 tires. Complete with batteries and bulb. ready to use. Household and automobile necessity. Gives 600 foot light beam. Adjustable handle.

MEMBER NAA

SALESMEN
INCREASE EARNINGS

Winter with its many fires is big money season for fire protection devices. \$9.60 a day for only 2 orders with extra earnings for service work. Needed by schools, theaters, factories, stores, warehouses, county homes for the aged and orphans, homes, farms, etc. Write Fry-fyter Company, Dept. 9-72, Dayton, O.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8x10 inches
or smaller if desired.
 Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Satisfaction guaranteed.

47c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 47c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 75c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
 908 West Lake Street, Dept. 333-W CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WE MATCH PANTS **NRA**
To Any Suit!
 Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants, 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest to day.

SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
 115 So. Dearborn St. Dept. 975 Chicago

\$1 PAYS FOR \$3000 LIFE PROTECTION
Even If You Are Past 55

The National Security Assn., 204 S. Hamilton Dr., Dept. AA-8, Beverly Hills, Calif., is offering to men, women and children, between the ages of 10 and 75, a new Life Protection Membership Certificate without medical examination for \$1, which pays \$1000 for death from any cause; \$2000 to \$3000 for accidental death. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just your name, age, name of beneficiary, and a Life Certificate, fully made out in your name, will be sent to you for 10 Days' Free Inspection. **NO AGENT WILL CALL.** If you decide to keep it, send only \$1 to put your protection in force for about 45 days—then about 3c a day. If not, you owe nothing. **OFFER LIMITED.** So write today.

Gulf Stream Whoppers

(Continued from page 61)

then while the viviparous parent died. The huge sea-bat weighed three hundred and twelve pounds.

But I did not catch a bonefish and we sailed at dawn.

You might consider the time I went sail-fishing. Sailfish are the prizes of southern waters, and are most difficult to catch. There are men who have fished several seasons in Florida and never landed even one. The sail belongs to the swordfish family and has the long, bony snout of that specie. It is its custom to strike its prey with this long bill, stunning the fish. Then the sail twists it to break its backbone and leisurely swallows the kill. This takes time; consequently when you get a sailfish strike you must release your drag and count ten slowly, or as slowly as excitement will permit, then lock the drag and sink the hook. Sometimes you get the fish.

We went out this day, seated in the stern sheets of a trunk cabin cruiser that we had rented for twenty-five dollars a day. It was a spanking day, a good chop, a brisk north-east wind, and the guide-boat captain said it was ideal sailfish weather. Following his directions we paid out sixty-odd feet of line over the stern, attached to the end of it an eight-inch strip of mullet cleverly affixed to hook and leader wire so that, as we trolled, it wriggled through the water in a very lifelike manner. Thus at nine o'clock in the morning, pipes going, we nosed into the magnificent blue of the Gulf Stream.

At five o'clock, the sun settling toward the green streak of the shoreline, we headed for the harbor buoy. We still had on the same strip of mullet; there had not been a strike. "Better luck next time," said the skipper smiling, but we couldn't smile off twenty-five dollars.

We chugged steadily onward, and were on the edge of the Stream where the sea weed and yellow fungus and crustacea gather, when I suddenly saw a purple

streak cutting through the water. My cigarette fell from my mouth, and my voice choked as I cried: "Stand by—sailfish—look!"

My thumb jittered over the drag-release. I was unaware that my cigarette coal had set fire to my pants. All I knew was that a sailfish—and an eight-footer from the size of his dorsal fin—was heading straight for my bait. I waited for the strike.

Now, all day we had been pestered by sea-gulls which, seeing the bait skittering along the top of the waves, habitually swoop down to grab it. It is necessary to jerk it clear of them or else their sharp beaks will rip the bait so that it does not ride smoothly, cleanly, in imitation of a real fish.

With the sailfish less than twenty yards away, its beautiful purple fin cleaving the water like a knife, a sea gull cried: "Urk! Urk!" and dived for my bait. I jerked—and only succeeded in wedging the curve of the hook around the gull's beak in such fashion that it would not come free.

Into the air the gull soared, carrying hook, bait and fifty-odd yards of line. Every one still insists that it must have been funny to see me leaning back with a fifty dollar pole, an eighty dollar reel and a nine-thread line reeling in the sea-gull while the twenty-five dollar a day fishboat stood still and waited. But I never thought so, for by the time the gull had bitten us all and the hook was loosened, the sailfish had hoisted his main-jib and departed.

One might recount the affair of two mackerel fishermen who harpooned a five hundred pound sea-turtle, quite forgetting they were in a twelve foot clinker-built boat with the harpoon line made fast to the towing-bitt. I've often wondered if that sea-turtle is still dragging the boat around. We swam ashore, not a long distance luckily, but there was no mackerel that day.

I might report the other time I nearly got a sailfish; the time when the hammer-head shark took my line and sounded deeply. After two hours he came up—suddenly—and directly under our eighteen foot boat. He was fifteen feet long if he was an inch—but the boat bumped off his back.

Sorrow prevents narration of what happened to the five-foot sailfish I hooked into; the one that the four-foot barracuda bit in two, leaving only the head, which a shark worried off before we could get it to the boat. The only satisfaction from that adventure was that I had my picture taken with that dirty barracuda after whacking him fourteen times over the head with a hammer. And it is only fair to report that we caught the shark that got the head, hacked off his tail with an axe and turned him loose, headed for the Gulf Stream. But he never made it. His friends trailed his blood and made quite a pink splash out there while we fished peacefully without having more fish bit in two.

I can tell of the dolphin I caught. A beauty he was, a gorgeous thing of blue and gold and pearl, and big. He jumped fourteen times before I landed him, and we could see that he was a record fish. The owner of the boat was having his fish-box painted, and not wanting to soil the cockpit with fish slime, strung the dolphin over the stern. The owner quite forgot that steaming hot water from the engine water jacket exhausted through the stern. When we got ashore our dolphin had quite boiled away.

Yet despite all this hard luck, I like deep-sea fishing. And when prosperity comes back from the short trip around the corner I'm going back to the Gulf Stream and catch a sailfish and a bonefish. A man reasonably has a right to expect to get one of a specie of fish for which he sets out to angle, hasn't he?

But Once a Year

(Continued from page 39)

En route from Roosevelt Field on Long Island to Washington, D. C., McMahon had lost his way in a thunderstorm on August 19th. In the midst of the storm, his plane plunged into the marsh, and quickly sank from sight.

Post Commander John E. Kerin arranged with the widow and friends of Mr. McMahon for the funeral. The spot where the plane disappeared was marked by a cross and a wreath. Fifteen planes from Roosevelt Field flew in formation over the grave while a clergyman in one of the planes read the funeral service and friends dropped flowers. Meanwhile the Post Chaplain of Fox Post conducted

another service on land, a firing squad gave its salute and a bugler blew taps.

The new Dover Airport has been named in honor of Mr. McMahon and Fox Post will hold memorial services each year at the spot where the flier died.

Roll Call

THOMAS J. MALONE, author of "Making The Home Secure," is a member of Theodore Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota . . . Karl W. Detzer belongs to Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Dr. William B. Smith is a Legionnaire of Russell K.

Bourne Post of Wethersfield, Connecticut . . . Charles W. Burnett is a member of Joseph N. Neel Post of Macon, Georgia . . . Frederick Palmer and John T. Winterich are members of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Fairfax Downey is on the rolls of Second Division Post of New York City . . . National Commander Edward A. Hayes is a member of Castle Williams Post of Decatur, Illinois . . . John J. Noll belongs to Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas . . . Philip Von Blon is a member of Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . Frederick Painton belongs to William C. Morris Post of Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

PHILIP VON BLON

The Voice of the Legion

OF COURSE you saw The American Legion cover of The Saturday Evening Post of October 7th. Ever think of buying an advertisement on the front page of The Saturday Evening Post? The space is NOT FOR SALE.

Three million people bought that issue of The Post and several more millions saw it on newsstands and in many offices and libraries. The American Legion—its emblem and its most colorful member—the Legion drummer in bright hued uniform—not a word—just a picture—but a picture which tells the story.

The Legionnaire is appreciative of the courtesy and will not soon forget. Those who are responsible for this recognition have accomplished a big step forward in the public relations of The American Legion.

Since its very inception, The American Legion has been an asset in community, State and nation. We have carried forward continuously a great civic

program; but we have been too confident that the general public understood our purpose and have neglected to cultivate the friendly co-operation of the nation's press and the great magazines.

Our purpose is sincere; our cause is just and we will receive the proper support

when we are clearly understood. The leadership of National Commander Johnson has pointed the way and we are confident that our new National Commander, Edward Hayes, will carry forward the program to re-establish the nation's confidence in The American Legion as the true and unselfish representative of the veterans of the World War.

—Ohio Legion News.

A CURABLE DISEASE

The statement that cancer is often curable in its early stages is one which lifts a load of apprehension from many minds. There is no doubt that the wide spread conviction that cancer is always fatal has kept many sufferers from seeking advice and treatment. On the one hand there is the feeling, absolutely illogical, that what one does not admit does not exist, and on the other the equally unjustified feeling that treatment is useless.

The truth is that many cases of cancer if discovered early and treated promptly can be permanently cured.

The American Society for the Control of Cancer has undertaken the task of bringing this truth to public attention. At the same time it offers to the public, and especially to those unable to pay, constructive advice as to the means, for preventing the development of cancer, the signals that give warning of the disease, the places where treatment can be obtained, without cost when necessary, and the places where those hopelessly ill can be cared for.

The maintenance of an office where such information can be given out of course requires money, and the Society asks for public support in this work. It offers for sale small address labels to be used on packages, the proceeds of the sale going to the work. These labels can be obtained by writing to 34 East 75th Street, New York City, at one dollar for ten labels. Pamphlets carefully prepared to give authoritative information can also be obtained, free of charge, on request to the same office.

and ill-health, the thought yet persists that such beneficiaries should be the heartiest supporters of the Legion and its program.

Let the posts seek out these men and see that they are members for 1934. The Lord loves those who are willing to try to help themselves.—West Virginia Legionnaire.

Enclosed Please Find—

(Continued from page 22)

to \$55,000, the all time record, was made in 1916. For 1917, \$4,442.38; 1918, \$4,080.21; 1919, \$11,033.01; 1920, \$19,379.13. The before-the-crash year of 1928 scored only \$118.76, but 1929 came through strongly with \$20,999.94. The three following depression years are listed in round numbers as follows: \$6,000, \$6,000, and \$3,000.

The sums sent each year are, of course,

only a small drop in the bucket of government costs. If consciences were not quieted far more often than they are permitted to speak the language money talks, the Conscience Fund might figure as a budget-balancing item of considerable bulk. Yet every tiny receipt causes Uncle Sam to wave old Diogenes' lantern, since he has found an honest man—and an honest man has found himself.



\$1260 to \$3400 Year
EX-SERVICE MEN GET PREFERENCE
MEN—18 to 45

Franklin Institute
Dept. 5 183
Rochester, N. Y.
Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government jobs pay steady positions. Send 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, and full particulars on how to get a position. Advise regarding preference given Ex-Service men.
Name
Address

Brand New LOW \$19⁷⁵
TYPEWRITER
Guaranteed by
REMINGTON
Sensationally new low price and easy terms. Standard 4-row keyboard—fully guaranteed by Remington Co. Send No Money.
10 day trial—then 10c a day
Send for new literature and easy pay plan—only \$1.00 down, then 10c a day. Also bargains in Standard Size refinished office models, sent free. Write for details and special money-making opportunities.
231 W. Monroe St.
International Typewriter Exch., Dept. 1278 Chicago

Law!

STUDY AT HOME

We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Training prepared by leading law professors and given by members of the bar. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 12361-L Chicago

The Key Men of Your Community

NO POST of The American Legion can be a force unto itself in its home town. It must win the confidence and support of citizens generally.

Outside the Legion in every community are leaders of public thought who are Legionnaires in spirit—men who but for the accident of age or other circumstance—would be Legionnaires. They can not join The American Legion, much as they should wish to.

Your Post can, however, see that every public spirited citizen reads regularly THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY. The subscription price is \$1.50 a year.

Circulation Manager,
The American Legion Monthly,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Aground in the China Sea

(Continued from page 43)

Craig S. Herbert, Past National Commanding Officer and newly-elected Personnel Officer—secretary, if you prefer—of the National Association of American Balloon Corps Veterans. Organized only a year before in Portland, the association had over four hundred ex-gas bag attendants register and participate in the reunion. Wilford L. Jessup of Bremerton, Washington, became the new National Commanding Officer. And the Balloon Corps Veterans are the first to announce that they will follow the Legion to its national convention in Miami, Florida—the dates of which will soon be announced. Line up with the gas bag gang by writing to Craig Herbert at 3333 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Other organizations which have already announced Miami convention reunions for 1934 are:

33D U. S. INFANTRY ASSOC.—Organized in Chicago. President, Louis J. Gilbert, 260 Gregory av., Passaic, N. J.; Secretary, Dr. A. F. Goodwin.

4TH ENGRS.—Seventy-five veterans in attendance at Chicago. Patrick J. Ganley, 6312 Greenwood av., Chicago, Ill.

28TH ENGRS.—Veterans of the 28th Engrs., A. E. F., organized in Chicago, with 25 attending. Erick O. Meling, president, 2046 N. Spaulding av., Chicago, Ill.; Frank T. Cushman, secy.-treas., Chicago.

INFORMATION regarding reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations must be sent to the Company Clerk at least six weeks prior to the month in which the activity is scheduled, in order that announcements may appear in this column. Other activities and reunions follow:

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—All who send name, address and outfit number to G. B. Dubois, 1239-30th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., will receive copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

28TH DIV.—Hq., Society of the 28th Div. has been removed from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Pa. Col. John H. Shenkel, pres., Wm. G. Blough, secy.-treas., P. O. Box 111, Homewood Sta., Pittsburgh.

32D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—1934 convention will be held in Detroit, Mich., dates to be announced later. Byron Beveridge, 1148 Florence court, Madison, Wis.

35TH DIV.—*Pictorial History of the 35th Division in the World War* is now ready. 72 pages and cover, 9x12, 250 photographs. Write R. L. Carter, 1218 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—*The Rainbow Reville* is your magazine; write for free copy, stating your company and regiment. K. A. Sutherland, editor, P. O. Box 297, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Calif.

42N (RAINBOW) DIV.—*Men of the Rainbow*, a story by, of and for Rainbow Division veterans. Two dollars. Leslie Langille, Room 614, 360 N. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

80TH DIV.—E. G. Peyton, newly-elected National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, is calling upon all former 80th Division men to send their names, addresses and organization numbers to the Headquarters, 412 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

104TH INF. VETS. ASSOC., A. E. F.—15th annual reunion, Marlboro, Mass., Apr. 27-28, 1934. L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion for 1934 to be held in Norfolk, Nebr., dates to be announced later. Fred Hansen, pres., Norfolk; Albert P. Schwarz, permanent recording secy., 816 Security Mutual bldg., Lincoln, Nebr.

3D INF., Co. K—Proposed reunion during 1934 of ex-members of the Hungry 49. James B. Mason, 807 South Delaware st., Springfield, Mo.

32D F. A. ASSOC.—Permanent headquarters established at Hamilton, Ohio. All veterans requested to report; also families of ex-members who have died so that annual memorial services may be properly conducted. Reunion in Dayton, Ohio, 1934—dates to be announced. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio.

11TH ENGRS.—15th annual reunion, Pierre's London Terrace Grill, 405 W. 23d st., New York City,

Nov. 25. H. S. Ring, 122 Fulton st., New York City. Telephone John 4-2943.

50TH AERO SQDRN.—Third edition of Roll Call soon to be published. Former members are requested to write to J. Howard Hill, secy., Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio. Reunion in Akron, Sept. 1-4, 1934.

116TH F. S. BN.—14th annual reunion, Seattle, Wash., Dec. 9. C. W. Kriens, 601 4th av., Seattle.

NAVY—All Navy veterans reunion, Hotel Plaza, New Castle, Ind., Jan. 1-2, 1934. Dr. R. O. Levell, 328 Burr bldg., New Castle.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabili-

THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE A. E. F.—
HE ALMOST SALUTES A
PRUSSIAN P. G.—



tation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

6TH INF., Hq. Co., 5TH DIV.—1st Lt. MARTINDOCK (or MORTONDOCK), formerly of Jersey City, N. J., 1st Lt. Clair W. GROVE and other officers and men who recall Frank PYCKOWSKI, pvt. 1st cl., being gassed on Oct. 13, 1918, and wounded by shell burst near Brandeville, Nov. 8, 1918, during Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

7TH PROV. REGT., BTRY II, OR 44TH REGT., BTRY. II, C. A. C.—Statements from former members, especially men from Oshkosh, Wisc., or Chicago, to assist Walter F. ROSZKO.

652D AERO SQDRN., MORRISON, VA.—C. O., George Lewis ELLIOTT, (Pittsburgh, Pa.), Pvts. Clarence H. DOANE, Milton ORETON and William ROSTES, Med. Det., and bunkmate Herman MOSSER (Reading, Pa.) who recall Louis P. SEGALIE suffering with mumps, pelvic region, Feb., 1918, and malaria, Mar., 1918.

BASE HOSP., No. 62, A. E. F.—Night nurse (with red hair) in Ward 15, Dec., 1918, and Jan., 1919, to assist Cleveland SMITH.

57TH AMM. TRN., Co. A—Capt. John J. McNAMARA and others who recall injury to ankle of EDELORIS R. SMITH.

155TH INF., Co. H—Information wanted regarding whereabouts of James A. SPEARS, ex-pvt.

GEN. HOSP., No. 8, WARD 14—Sgt. JONES, Pvts. MCCARTHY, SPILLERS, STANLEY, REID, JACKSON, FLOWERS, RICE, BIDDLE, all patients, or any orderlies or med. lt. in charge from Nov., 1918, to Feb., 1919, to assist B. F. STEPHENS.

BASE HOSP., ALEXANDRIA, LA.—Ward sgt. or nurses in charge of ward in front of morgue, Sept. 8, 1918, to Oct. 14, 1918, also patient from Richton, Miss., who remember Chas. E. THORNHILL, Co. I, 5th Inf., hospitalized account "shots," who developed flu.

309TH ENGRS., Hq. DET., 84TH DIV.—Capt. Wm. E. UPHAM, Wagoner, Armory WILLSON, Saddler WOLF and others to assist Roy D. VANSICKLE.

90TH DIV.—CRAWFORD, SMITH and CROCKETT, patients in contagious ward in hospital at Toul, France, Oct.-Nov., 1918, to assist James L. VINCENT.

KIRSCH, Michael, formerly served with Army War College Det., Washington Barracks, D. C. Information wanted regarding whereabouts, as he is beneficiary of an adjusted compensation certificate.

101ST and 104TH INF., 26TH DIV.—Sgt. Charles E. COMER to support claim of Earl A. WILLIAMS.

17TH INF., MED. DET., 11TH DIV.—Pvt. Donald Doud, other officers and men to assist Pvt. Charles Yost. Also buddy in evacuation hospital at Camp

Meade, Maryland, when Yost was a patient there. GEN. Hq. CO., CHAUMONT, FRANCE—Sgt. Earl MASON, (chauffeur to Gen. Connor) who assisted Fred E. LEACH to carry Elbert Robert ALFORD, chauffeur, to Base Hosp. No. 15, Chaumont, after ALFORD had fallen on frozen ground, striking head on running board of automobile.

U. S. S. *South Carolina*—Lt. HOLLANDER, Joe FISHER (lt. wt. champion), Boatswain mate 1st cl. Scup LEONARD, Slim BRADY (Boston) and others on ship during storm off Cape Hatteras, Jan. 18, 1918, who recall rheumatic fever suffered by Vincent (Viny) BOWN of the sixth division.

312TH AERO SQDRN.—Dr. Edward B. PREIS, company doctor, to assist William D. CASEY.

310TH GRAVES REGISTRATION—Pvt. James E. MOORE, formerly of Rundals, Iowa, to assist Jasper D. DAVIDSON.

165TH INF., Hq. Co., 42D DIV.—Pvt. Kenneth HAYES, William MILLER and Eugene HARRIS who recall Eugene FARRELL being gassed near Ourcq River, Aug. 1, 1918, while assisting in first-aid work, carrying wounded. Also men who recall FARRELL's later treatment by regimental Med. Officer for loss of voice.

BASE HOSP., No. 68, MARS-SUR-ALLIER, FRANCE—Nurses, doctors, especially Dr. GEORGE, orderlies and patients who recall Clement J. FITZPATRICK suffering with trench foot, also stomach trouble, during Nov.-Dec., 1918.

BASE HOSP., No. 64, RIMAUCOURT, FRANCE—Nurses, orderlies and officers who recall Carl G. LINDQUIST being treated for mustard gas and heart ailment, Oct.-Nov., 1918.

U. S. S. *New Hampshire* (Jan., 1918) and GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRNG. STA. (Jan., 1919)—Men and medical officers who recall Joseph H. MCNERLIN being injured by gun concussion on board ship, and later injured by powder explosion at Great Lakes.

2D INF., MED. DET., CAMP DODGE, IOWA—Clarence J. PETTIT (Fargo, N. D.) and others who recall injury to Julius E. MIELKE during drill, winter of 1918.

52D INF., Co. M, 6TH DIV.—Capt. PRICE, Lts. McNALLY and HELLEN and others who recall Hugh S. MURRAY being sent to hospital at Verdun.

BASE HOSP., No. 45, TOUL, FRANCE—Fellow patients Durbin C. FISHER (St. Cloud, Fla.), Shirley O'BRIEN (Eddystone, Pa.), S. J. SIMPSON (North Braddock, Pa.), C. E. SMITH (Los Angeles) and James O. LAWSON (Albertsville, Ala.) to assist Charles S. PUGH.

MORGAN, Harry Bloomfield, veteran (with silver plate in head), 5 ft. 9½ in., 175 lbs., black semi-curly hair, scars on forehead and right cheek, walks with slight limp. Disappeared from home in Springfield, Ill., Sept. 16, 1933. Wore dark suit, white shirt, blue tie, black hat and shoes. Driving 1929 Hudson coupe, black with red wheels. May have suffered mental breakdown.

18TH F. A., BTRY. C, 3D DIV.—Former comrades, including John FAGAN, R. W. ANDERSON, WARD, JACKSON and LEPPER to help W. G. FLAIG.

BARTHELMEY, Charles Henry, ex-mech., Air Serv., 5 ft. 8 in., black hair, hazel eyes, 150 lbs., 6 in. scar on L. wrist, service injury. Missing from St. Paul, Minn., since Apr. 8, 1924. Wife needs aid.

PEARL, Joseph R., ex-lt. and ex-sgt., Co. A, 60th Inf. Missing. Inf. wanted. Also regarding divorced wife, Lucy KLUCKLES PEARL, who once lived in North Vernon, Ind., with name Mrs. Lucy Edwards. Crippled and dependent father of Pearl needs aid.

18TH INF., Co. E, 1ST DIV.—H. P. TURNER, Geo. WRIGHT and others who recall Pvt. Franklin J. MORGAN May-Aug., 1918; also Mr. M. T. C. Co. 379, Camp Upton, N. Y., Cpl. RED MAINES and others during summer of 1919; also Cpl. MUNCE, Pvts. HINES, Norman LUCAS, SANDUSKY, of Co. E, 18th Inf.

30TH INF., Co. H, 3D DIV.—Capt. Walter R. STUTTLER, 1st Lt. GILLETTE, Sgt. COLILE and others in Munsterfeld, Germany, Feb.-Mar., 1919, to assist Delmar W. KNAPP.

HERE'S a query from Bill Goins of Overton, Texas, ex-Company F, 359th Infantry, 90th Division. Can anyone give the correct answer?

"When we sold the French our war supplies, we sold them some mules. I believe that the French do not raise this cross between a horse and a jackass. Knowing some of the proclivities and potentialities of this animal, I wonder how they and the French got along. How fared the expatriated mule in the land of the Latin?"

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk.

The Ideal Christmas Gift

An American Legion Ring

AN American Legion ring is the perfect Legion Christmas gift. Designed with infinite care and executed with the utmost precision, each of these beautiful Legion rings reflects the work of the master craftsman. The great variety of styles and the wide price range makes selection easy. *We invite your particular consideration to ring AL-3. It is an exceptional value, specially priced for Holiday sale.*

PRICES (Postpaid)

Style AL-1—14-K solid green gold ring with midget emblem, black onyx stone, hand carved eagles, \$22.50

Style AL-2—10-K solid rose gold ring with midget emblem, black onyx stone.....\$15.00

Style AL-3—10-K solid yellow gold ring, synthetic ruby stone with midget emblem on each side.....\$9.95

Style AL-4—Sterling silver ring with 10-K solid gold emblem.....\$6.00

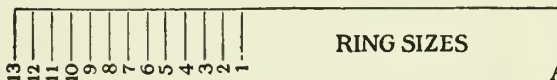
Style AL-5—Sterling silver ring with 10-K solid gold emblem.....\$9.00

Style AL-10—10-K solid yellow gold ring with midget emblem, black onyx stone.....\$11.00

Style AL-15—10-K solid yellow gold ring with midget emblem, hand carved eagles.....\$12.50

STANDARD RING GAUGE

Cut a slip of paper that will just fit snugly around the second joint of the finger on which you wish to wear your ring. Lay this slip with one end at A on the standard ring gauge shown here and the other end will indicate the correct size. (Remember we can furnish half sizes.) As an added precaution pin the slip to your order.



OTHER LEGION GIFT IDEAS

Belts and buckles

Watches

Personal stationery

Bill-folds and wallets

Auto robes

Electric clocks

Pipes

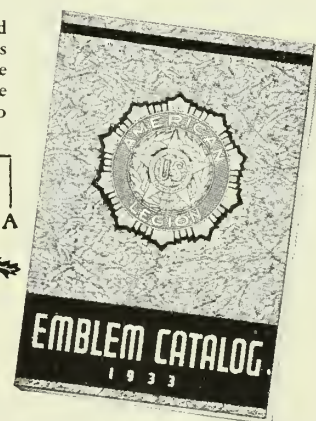
Ash trays

Pocket lighters

Cigarette cases

Pocket knives

and Jewelry



The 1933 Legion Emblem catalogue is literally crammed with gift suggestions. Your free copy is ready to mail. Write for it today!

12-33

Emblem Division, The American Legion, 777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana
Please rush one American Legion ring Style....., size I am enclosing herewith,
remittance for \$..... Ship C.O.D. for \$..... I will pay postman purchase price plus
nominal postal collection charge, upon delivery.

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

I am a member of Post.....Department of.....

☐ Check here if you want a copy of the complete Legion emblem catalogue.

PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES



RIDE 'EM COWBOY! It sure takes healthy nerves to stay on board a fighting bronk! "Camels are my smoke," says Eddie Woods, cowboy champion. "They never jangle my nerves."



**TO BE A CHAMPION
BRONK RIDER!**

*Steady Smokers
turn to Camels*

EDDIE WOODS, twice all-round cowboy champion at the famous Calgary Stampede, "top hand" of the cowboy world, says:

"Ten seconds on the back of an outlaw horse is about the hardest punishment for a man's nerves that anybody can imagine. To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all, but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness that appeals to me, and I like their taste better. Most important of all, Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I light up one Camel after another."

* * *

If *you* are nervous...inclined to "fly off the handle"... change to Camels. Your own nerves and taste will confirm the fact that this milder cigarette, made from costlier tobaccos, is better for steady smoking.



"I'M DEVOTED TO riding. Even if I am not in the championship class I need healthy nerves. And Camels are the mildest cigarette I know!"

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

**Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos
than any other popular brand.**



**A
MATCHLESS
BLEND**

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company